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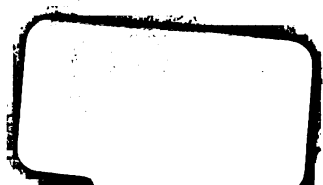
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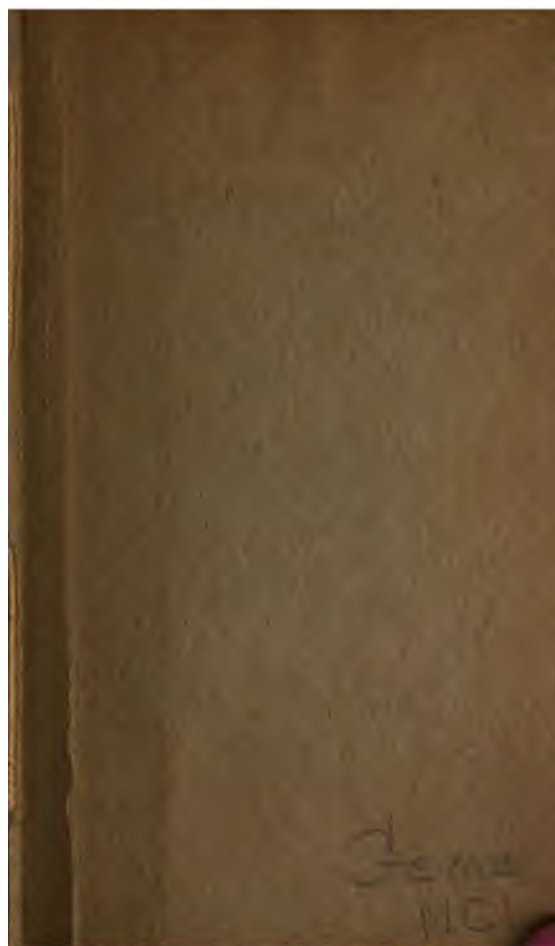
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Gems  
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# Genius - of - Lyric Poetry.



*Richard Jones.*

*Richard Jones.*

CHISWICK.

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**GEMS**  
**OF**  
**BRITISH POESY;**

**COMPRISING**  
**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,**  
**PATHETIC, MORAL, LYRICAL, AND DESCRIPTIVE.**

---

**BY THE EDITOR OF "POEMS,**  
**DEVOTIONAL, ELEGIAC, AND PRECEPTIVE."**

---

"There is a charm in poetry, which they who have never felt can never imagine: it touches with so gentle a sweetness, it kindles with so keen a fire, it animates with so thrilling a rapture, that its delights exceed the power of utterance, and can be expressed only by gestures or by tears."

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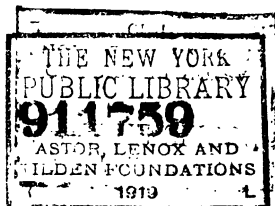
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**1824.**

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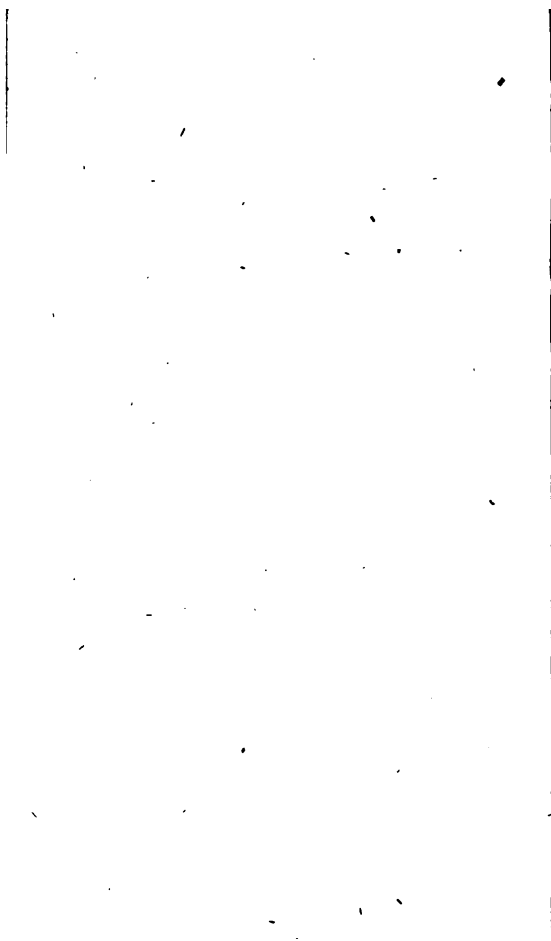


TO THE  
KIND TEMPERED, THE CHEERFUL,  
AND THE GOOD,

THESE  
*Gems of British Poesy,*

INTENDED  
TO ENFORCE THE PRACTICE OF VIRTUE ;  
TO ENCOURAGE THOSE NOBLE SENTIMENTS WHICH  
IRRADIATE THE PATH OF LIFE,  
WHICH IMPART DELIGHT TO THE YOUNG,  
AND GRATEFUL PLEASURE TO THE AGED ;  
ARE DEDICATED,

BY THE EDITOR.



ON THE  
NATURE AND PROGRESS  
OF  
POETRY.

---

Aut prodesse volant, aut delectare poetæ.  
HOM.

---

FROM reason and history we derive some light on the origin and first employment of the divine art of poetry. Reason suggests that, before the invention of letters, the nations of the earth had no other method of transmitting to posterity their respective doctrines of religion, their laws, and the great actions of their heroes and sages, than by a kind of Hymns, which fathers sung to their children; and from History we not only learn that Moses and Miriam, the first authors known to mankind, sung, on the borders of the Red Sea, a song of divine praise; but the song itself, a masterpiece of poetic composition, is preserved.

The literary annals of all nations afford vestiges of poetry from the most remote ages: they are found among the most savage of the ancient barbarians. Tacitus mentions the verses and hymns of the Germans, when that rough people inhabited the woods; and the first inhabitants of



England, France, Spain, and Italy, had their rude and imperfect poetry, as well as the ancient people of Asia, and of the known parts of Africa and America.

By the usual grammatical explanation poetry is defined as the art of making verses, of lines or periods that are in rhyme or metre; but a more enlarged idea of the poetic empire will include its imitative power, and acknowledge that poetry is the art of expressing our thoughts by fiction. This is so true that the *pencil* also, in order to please and affect, has recourse to fiction\*; by the aid of which, using an innocent and agreeable deception to instruct with efficacy, poetry exalts inanimate things into persons. It will perhaps be found that in every poetical composition some of the qualities of animate nature are ascribed to things not having life; and we may say, that every work is poetic in which the thoughts are expressed by fictions or images: to reduce these into verse is at once the greatest difficulty and the highest merit. In poetical language words are chosen for their sense and for their sound: the first of these is the more excellent, for no one will prefer sound to sense. There is, however, a harmony of sound to be studied even in prose, and which claims particular attention in poetry: from the harmony particularly of rhyme, which delights the ear,

\* This, in-painting, is called the poetic composition of a picture.

there results a pleasure which would be entirely frivolous if not accompanied by utility; for verses were invented, as we have before said, in the first ages of the world, to aid and strengthen the memory, which derives the greatest assistance from cadence, harmony, and rhyme.

Among a fierce and warlike people, constantly engaged in enterprises of arms, poetry was solely employed in rehearsing the valorous deeds of their heroes; and the horrid pictures of war and desolation were enlivened by the kindred imagery of whatever nature afforded of the awful, terrific, and stupendous. In happier regions, where the mild inhabitants were suited to the softness and luxury of the climate, the business of poetry was to paint the surrounding profusion of beautiful objects, the pleasing incidents of a pastoral life, the tender cares and ravishing delights of love. This passion found as apt a comparison with the beautiful scenes of nature as war and destruction could do with its glooms and horrors.

But the mind of man cannot long be confined within prescribed limits; there is an internal eye constantly stretching its view beyond the bounds of natural vision, and something new, something greater, more beautiful, more excellent, is required to gratify its noble longing. The eye of the mind is the imagination; it peoples the world with new beings, it embodies abstract ideas, it suggests unexpected resemblances, it creates

structive moral to the mind, under the disguise of imaginary persons or things.—The Fable presses into its little drama not only all the animal creation, but personifies and bestows speech and action on shrubs, trees, and all the tribe of vegetables: no method of instruction is more ancient; but the propriety may be questioned.—Satire makes sport with vice and folly; it corrects, while it diverts us; it lashes and ridicules our crimes and our absurdities to effect their reformation.—The Epigram is a composition in verse, whose distinguishing character is brevity and point, or a sharp, lively, unexpected turn of wit. The Epitaph contains a eulogium on the virtues of deceased friends, and has a gravity suited to the subject; in this class many will be found that are jocose and ludicrous.

By Poetry a happy sensibility to the beauties of nature is preserved in young persons. It engages them to contemplate the Creator in his wonderful works; it purifies and harmonizes the soul, and prepares it for moral and intellectual discipline; it supplies an endless source of amusement, it recommends virtue for its transcendent loveliness, and makes vice appear the object of contempt and abomination. Compared with these genuine delights, how trivial and unworthy to susceptible minds must appear the steams and noise of a ball-room, the insipidities of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table.

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## GEMS OF BRITISH POESY.

---

### THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

LET observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from China to Peru;  
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,  
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;  
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate  
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,  
Where wavering man, betray'd by venturous pride,  
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,  
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,  
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.  
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,  
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.  
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,  
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.  
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,  
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;  
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,  
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,  
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,  
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observed, the knowing and the bold  
Fall in the general massacre of gold;  
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,  
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;  
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,  
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;

Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys,  
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell where rival kings command,  
And dubious title shakes the madden'd land,  
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,  
How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;  
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,  
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,  
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,  
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,  
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.  
Does envy seize thee? crush the' upbraiding joy ;  
Increase his riches and his peace destroy ;  
Now fears, in dire vicissitude, invade,  
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade,  
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,  
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,  
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;  
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,  
The' insidious rival, and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,  
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth ;  
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,  
And feed with varied fools the' eternal jest :  
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,  
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;  
Where wealth unloved without a mourner died ;  
And scarce a scycophant was fed by pride ;  
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,  
Or seen a new made mayor's unwieldy state ;  
Where change of favourites made no change of laws,  
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ;  
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,  
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe !  
Attentive, truth and nature to descry,  
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,

To thee were solemn toys or empty show,  
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe :  
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,  
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,  
Renew'd at every glance on human kind ;  
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,  
Search every state, and canvass every prayer.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate,  
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;  
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,  
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.  
On every stage the foes of peace attend,  
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.  
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door  
Pours in the morning worshipper no more ;  
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,  
To growing wealth the dedicator flies ;  
From every room descends the painted face,  
That hung the bright palladium of the place,  
And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,  
To better features yields the frame of gold ;  
For now no more we trace in every line  
Heroic worth, benevolence divine :  
The form distorted justifies the fall,  
And detestation rides the indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,  
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her favourites' zeal ?  
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,  
Degrading nobles and controlling kings ;  
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,  
And ask no questions but the price of votes ;  
With weekly libels and septennial ale,  
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,  
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :  
To him the church, the realm their powers consign,  
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine ;



Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,  
 His smile alone security bestows:  
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;  
 Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;  
 Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,  
 And rights submitted left him none to seize.  
 At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state  
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate:  
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,  
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;  
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,  
 The golden canopy, the glittering plate,  
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,  
 The liveried army, and the menial lord.  
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,  
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest;  
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,  
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,  
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?  
 Or livest thou now, with safer pride-content,  
 The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?  
 For why did Wolsey near the steep of fate  
 On weak foundations raise the' enormous weight?  
 Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,  
 With louder ruin to the gulfs below.

What gave great Villiers to the' assassin's knife,  
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?  
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,  
 By kings protected, and to kings allied?  
 What, but their wish indulged in courts to shine,  
 And power too great to keep or to resign!

When first the college rolls receive his name,  
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;  
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,  
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:  
 O'er Boadley's dome his future labours spread,  
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.


Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,  
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!  
Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat,  
Till captive science yields her last retreat;  
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,  
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;  
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,  
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;  
Should tempting novelty thy ocell refrain,  
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;  
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,  
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;  
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,  
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;  
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,  
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee:  
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
And pause awhile from learning to be wise;  
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,  
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.  
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,  
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.  
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,  
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,  
The glittering eminence exempt from foes;  
See, when the vulgar scapes, despised or awed,  
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.  
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content,  
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent;  
Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,  
And fatal learning leads him to the block:  
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,  
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,  
The ravish'd standard, and the captivèd foe,  
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,  
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.

Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,  
For such the steady Romans shook the world;  
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,  
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;  
This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,  
Till fame supplies the universal charm.  
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,  
Where wasted nations raise a single name,  
And mortgaged states their grandsire's wreaths regret,  
From age to age in everlasting debt;  
Wreaths which at last the dear bought right convey  
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;  
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;  
O'er love, o'er fear extends his wide domain,  
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;  
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;  
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,  
And one capitulate, and one resign;  
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;  
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,  
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."  
The march begins in military state,  
And nations on his eye suspended wait;  
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
And winter barricades the realms of frost;  
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;  
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day!  
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,  
And shows his miseries in distant lands;  
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,  
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.  
But did not chance at length her error mend?  
Did not subverted empire mark his end?



Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?  
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?—  
His fall was destined to a barren strand,  
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;  
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,  
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.  
In gay hostility and barbarous pride,  
With half mankind embattled at his side,  
Great Xerxes came to seize the certain prey,  
And starves exhausted regions in his way;  
Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er,  
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;  
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires the mind,  
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;  
New powers are claim'd, new powers are still bestow'd,  
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;  
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,  
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;  
The' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,  
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;  
The' encumber'd far scarce leaves the dreaded coast  
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,  
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power,  
With unexpected legions bursts away,  
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;  
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,  
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;  
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze  
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;  
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,  
With all the sons of rage, crowd the war;  
The baffled prince in honour's flattering bloom  
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,  
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,  
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,  
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;  
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know  
That life, protracted, is protracted woe.  
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,  
And shuts up all the passages of joy :  
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,  
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower ;  
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,  
He views and wonders that they please no more ;  
Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines,  
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.  
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,  
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :  
No sounds, alas ! would touch the' impervious ear,  
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near ;  
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,  
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;  
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,  
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.  
The still returning tale and lingering jest  
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest.  
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,  
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;  
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,  
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,  
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,  
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,  
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;  
But unextinguish'd avarice still remains,  
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;  
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,  
His bonds of debt and mortgages of lands ;  
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,  
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime  
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;

An age that melts with unperceived decay,  
And glides in modest innocence away;  
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,  
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;  
The general favourite as the general friend;  
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet even on this her load misfortune flings,  
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;  
New sorrow rises as the day returns,  
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.  
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,  
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.  
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,  
Still drops some joy from withering life away;  
New forms arise, and different views engage,  
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,  
Till pitying nature signs the last release,  
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,  
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.  
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,  
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,  
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,  
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?  
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,  
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;  
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;  
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.  
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,  
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,  
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,  
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;  
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,  
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;  
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,  
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?

Against your fame with fondness hate combines,  
The rival batters, and the lover mines.  
With distant voice neglected virtue calls,  
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;  
Tired with contempt, she quits the slippery reign,  
And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.  
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,  
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.  
The guardians yield, by force superior plied;  
To interest, prudence; and to flattery, pride.  
Here beauty falls betray'd, despised, distress'd,  
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?  
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?  
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?  
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,  
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?  
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,  
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.  
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,  
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.  
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar  
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.  
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,  
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.  
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,  
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,  
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;  
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;  
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;  
For faith that, panting for a happier seat,  
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat;  
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,  
These goods he grants who grants the power to gain;  
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,  
And makes the happiness she does not find.

JOHNSON.

## THE BARDS OF BRITAIN\*.

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A COLLECTION OF POETRY.

FRIEND of the' adventurous poet's infant Muse,  
Receive this tribute, nor the lay refuse;  
Thy gift invests me with a godlike band,  
The boast, the glory of my native land!

Dear, doubly dear, the precious treasures given;  
Dear as the ruddy beam of light from heaven:  
Unsullied treasures!—with no dross combined,  
Unsullied treasures of the' immortal mind!  
Long sigh'd for volumes, stored with truths divine,  
And Fancy's richest flowers—ye all are mine!

Though adverse fortune on my youth has frown'd,  
And faithless friends inflicted many a wound,  
Unnoticed long; though oft, with grief sincere,  
I heaved the sigh and dropp'd the anguish'd tear;  
Yet Hope, at length, has built her downy nest,  
(Oh, blessed change!) within this throbbing breast:  
This breast, where late the raven of Despair  
Sat brooding on the thorns of withering Care.  
Kind Heaven! all-bounteous! gives a friend to save;  
I seem reborn, or rescued from the grave!  
And, in the precious boon which Phillips sends,  
My raptured heart receives a host of friends!  
Friends, who will sooth me in Misfortune's gloom,  
And to the Muses' Court convert my narrow room.

Methinks, e'en now, I see the mighty train  
Encircle me around; and each, alternate,  
Accept, with smiles, my homage. In the midst,  
With deathless laurel blooming round thy brows,

\* This interesting and truly original Poet was called from the world at an early age; his productions excited hopes of excellence and fame, rudely destroyed by his decease. Mr. Pratt, with an honourable ardour, collected the "Remains of Joseph Blacket," which have been published in two volumes for the benefit of his family.



My gaze is bent on thee, immortal youth !  
 On thee, whom most I pity, love, admire !  
 The beams of gladness sparkle in thine eyes,  
 Which, on the portait of my fostering bard  
 Seem steadfast riveted ;—and sure I hear  
 Thy voice exclaim

(CHATTERTON.)

Happie itte bie for thie ;  
 Reet mycle comforte wele betide thine houres !  
 Synne, frae the mokie denne obsouritye,  
 Whilom, lyke myne, thie ruthful thornye bedde,  
 An helpen hannde hes gathered thie flowres,  
 Whilk growen by the sun uncheryshed,  
 Ande them haes setten, where hys beem devyne  
 May keepe them frae a Walpole's scowlyng-eyne.  
 Ilk fated bard ! I mourn thy hapless fall ;  
 But, as a sky-harp'd seraph, now I hail  
 Thy form divine ! and, with exultance proud,  
 What thou hast left to this ungrateful world,  
 Pronounce as mine !

TO MILTON.

Oh ! Heaven-illumined bard !  
 Whose wing seraphic soar'd above all height  
 In majesty of song, forgive ! forgive !  
 That my rash hand should dare upon thy throne,  
 Thy starry throne ! to place a hapless youth,  
 Though proudly favour'd by the weeping Nine,  
 Thy great superior alone in sorrow !  
 Mournful preeminence ! Yes, thou wilt pardon :—  
 And Milton's tear on Chatterton's pale urn  
 Shall drop like balm from weeping cherub's eye !  
 Oh ! how thy awful daring I revere :  
 Thou, through the gloom of Chaos and old Night,  
 Despotic rulers o'er the drear profound,  
 Traversed, with steadfast soul, the pathless way ;  
 Thou, from the Stygian pool, on Hierarch's wing,  
 Soar'd dreadfully sublime ; and 'yond the stars,

Where human eye had never dared to look,  
 Explored the regions of eternal day,  
 And on heaven's pearly pavement fearless trod!  
 With reverential awe my trembling hand  
 Shall turn, at midnight's hour, thy volumes o'er;  
 Mount, on the wings of Fancy, by thy side;  
 Visit the liquid deeps of hell below;  
 Then, rising on the pinion of the mind,  
 To heaven's extremest verge shall rapt ascend;  
 Till, for a moment, I forget myself—  
 Forget I sprang from dust, and am a worm!

## TO DRYDEN.

Dryden too appears  
 To charm my wondering ears!  
 See, see, he rises in a car of state!  
 His heaven-train'd steeds proclaim  
 His never dying fame!  
 The reins upheld with daring hand,  
 He guides them o'er the rugged mountain's brow,  
 Around whose base the limpid waters flow.  
 Hark! hark! his thundering wheels resound  
 Through ether's concave wide!  
 His coursers feel the biting lash,  
 The swift revolving axles flash,  
 He spurns the trembling ground:  
 See, checking now with fierce command  
 Their dread career, in fullest pride,  
 He mounts on cherub wing magnificently great!

## TO POPE.

With piercing eye, deep versed in Nature's lore,  
 Resolved the realms of reason to explore;  
 The paths of science, the retreats of sense,  
 And justify the ways of Providence;  
 Pope next I see, the bard whose various fire  
 Attunes the hallow'd or the tender lyre;

Tears off the fraudulent mask that screens the mind,  
And awes the varying follies of mankind :  
Instructs the serious, and delights the gay,  
Shows Fame's proud fane, and leads himself the way!

## TO YOUNG.

With coffin'd shrouds surrounded, big with thought,  
With painful thought, which moves yet mends the heart,  
And swells to awed solemnity, see Young  
Deigns too to dwell beneath my humble roof!  
The relics of the dead, with full-fix'd eye,  
Denoting deep reflection, he surveys,  
And smiles at "weak mortality!" Absorb'd  
In contemplation, on the jarring world  
He looks indignant. 'Cross the shoreless tide  
Of full eternity his steadfast gaze  
Is fix'd; nor once returns, save that he casts  
One look of pity on disastrous man!

## TO THOMSON.

And Thomson, Nature's limner! thou art mine!  
Thou who hast painted the all-blessed year,  
Bringing the seasons full within my view,  
E'en when sequester'd in this nook I sit;  
The flowery dale, the steep aspiring hill,  
The velvet bank, the desolated waste,  
The pebbled streamlet, and the roaring flood.—  
Spring's tender fragrance—Summer's noontide blaze—  
Autumnal breezes—Winter's icy blasts—  
In all their sweet diversity of change!

## TO COLLINS.

And, Collins, too  
To thee I bow,  
Bright Fancy's favourite child,  
Who, in the desolated wild,

With all the varied sweets of song,  
    Pour'd forth the strain,  
    As o'er the plain  
Fleet Echo did thy swelling notes prolong :  
And, when the Passions fired thy breast,  
    Upon some rocky steep,  
    Which fearful overhung the deep,  
Thou, with the frenzy of poetic fire,  
Drew'st all the Furies round thy magic lyre ;  
    And, 'mid the hideous yell  
    Of grisly spectres, fell  
    Revenge ! Despair !  
    And haggard Care !  
    With harp in hand,  
    Didst take thy stand,  
Now made them frantic rave, now lull'd them all to rest.

## TO SHENSTONE.

And late from the blade-waving mead,  
    Enamel'd with spring's vernal flowers,  
The murmurs of Corydon's reed  
    Were plaintively heard from the bowers.  
  
Around him the frolicsome lambs,  
    In wantonness, frisk'd to the note ;  
While wistfully gazed the fond dams,  
    Who seem'd on the younglings to dote.  
  
As sentinel laid at his feet,  
    Poor Tray watch'd the flock on the plain ;  
And, pour'd from the thicket's retreat,  
    Was heard the mellifluous strain.  
  
Suspended his crook on the tree,  
    Hung ready his hand to receive ;  
The ballad was placed on his knee,  
    Which taught his fond bosom to heave.

But broken is Corydon's reed,  
 Ah! ne'er shall we hear it again!  
 No longer, his lambkins to feed,  
 The shepherd shall traverse the plain.  
 But though he to death is consign'd,  
 And no more the loved bard shall we see;  
 His song in a wreath is entwined,  
 And that wreath forms a garland for me!

## TO GRAY.

Next see ethereal Gray,  
 Whose daring fancy took her flight,  
 On eagle-wing, to huge Plinlimmon's height,  
 And, as above his snow-capp'd brow she soar'd,  
 The fall of Cambria's children dear!  
 The heavenly maid, in wild dismay,  
 With Hoel's harp deplored,  
 While from her eyelids gush'd the soul-assuaging tear!  
 And oft, when Caution penn'd the guarded fold,  
 Wrapp'd in his strain I took my lonely way,  
 And listen'd pensive as his "curfew toll'd"  
 The dreary knell of the departed day?  
 With lingering step, at midnight's awful noon,  
 I sought the deathbed of the labouring hind;  
 Explored with him the spot with grass o'ergrown,  
 And the rude stone which rustic skill design'd.  
 Oft shall his numbers soothe me to repose,  
 Oft shall my bosom own their magic power;  
 His moral lay the hallow'd truth disclose,  
 And oft beguile the solitary hour!

## TO GOLDSMITH.

Next, hapless Auburn's friend my bosom cheers,  
 Whom Nature loves, and every Muse reveres!  
 To him was given the high victorious art  
 To gain a conquest o'er the human heart;

No party thame his generous bosom fired,  
 Far other strains his social soul inspired ;  
 In thy bless'd cause, O Virtue, he engaged,  
 And 'gainst thy foes alone fierce war he waged !  
 He saw Oppression seize the poor man's soil,  
 And bade the tyrant quit the impious spoil ;  
 With grief he saw the dome of power arise,  
 With shame he heard the hapless maiden's sighs !  
 He saw the prince, encompass'd by a train  
 Of flattering slaves, who spurn'd the harmless swain ;  
 With weeping eye he view'd the labourer's lot,  
 Driven like an exile from his plunder'd spot !  
 Each realm he traced, recording in his strains  
 Thatland most bless'd where prosper'd most the swains !  
 Poet beloved ! my vanquish'd heart is thine,  
 And beats with transport thus to call thee mine !

## TO BURNS.

And whae is he that syngs sae weel,  
 And pens " Addresses to the Deil ?"  
 Whae gies the sang syke bonny turns ?  
 Daft Gowk ! ye ken it's sonsie Burns !

His gabby tales I looe to hear,  
 They please sae meikle, run sae clear ;  
 That ilka time, good traith, I read,  
 I'se wiser baith i' heart an head.

I wad advise, when runkled care  
 Begins to mak ye glow'r and stare,  
 That ye wad furst turn ow'r his leaf,  
 'Twill mak ye suon forget ye'r grief !

And should auld mokie sorrow freeten,  
 Hes blythesome tale ye'r hearts will leeten ;  
 And suor I am ye grief may banter  
 By looking ow'r his " Tam o' Shanter."

And, while I breathe, whene'er I see scant  
Of cheerful friends—and fynde a want  
Of something blythe to cure my glumps,  
And free me frae the doleful dumps,  
I'll take his beuk, and read awhile,  
Until he mak me wear a smile;  
And then, if I hae time to spare,  
I'll learn his "Bonny Banks of Ayr!"

BLACKET.

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### SUNSET.

GENTLY, on the western waves,  
See, the sun reclines his head,  
Faintly smiling as he laves,  
Placid on his glassy bed.  
Gloomy frowns the mountain steep,  
Now deserted by his beams,  
Bending o'er the noisy deep,  
Where its broadening shadow swims.  
Dim and faint the skiff is seen  
Sailing to its destined place,  
Murky cloudings intervene,  
Leaving not the smallest trace.  
Hark! the sheep-dog's barking noise  
From the wide-stretch'd dewy wold,  
Faithful to the shepherd's voice,  
Driving flocks within the fold.  
Now, within his rustic shed,  
The returning peasant sees  
Supper on the table spread,  
And his children clasp his knees.  
Through the air, in lofty height,  
Rooks their evening course pursue,  
Still ascending in their flight,  
Keeping still their wood in view.

Now the landscape's sunk from sight,  
Homeward run the youthful train,  
As the fast approaching night  
Steals across the dusky plain.

Darkness now obscures the ground,  
Far has fled the cheering sun ;

Now the fire is circled round,  
And the goblin tale's begun.

BLACKET.

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### TO THE ROSEMARY.

SWEET scented flower ! who art wont to bloom

On January's front severe,

And o'er the wintry desert drear

To waft thy waste perfume !

Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,

And I will bind thee round my brow ;

And, as I twine the mournful wreath,

I'll weave a melancholy song,

And sweet the strain shall be, and long,

The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower ! who lovest to dwell

With the pale corpse in lonely tomb,

And throw across the desert gloom

A sweet decaying smell.

Come, press my lips, and lie with me

Beneath the lowly alder tree ;

And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,

And not a care shall dare intrude

To break the marble solitude,

So peaceful and so deep.

And, hark ! the wind god, as he flies,

Moans hollow, in the forest trees,

And, sailing on the gusty breeze,

Mysterious music dies.



Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine;  
 It warns me to the lonely shrine,  
     The cold turf altar of the dead:  
 My grave shall be in yon lone spot,  
 Where, as I lie by all forgot,  
 A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

KIRKE WHITE.

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## HINDA.

### An Eastern Eclog.

LED by the star of evening's guiding fires,  
 That shone serene on Aden's lofty spires,  
 Young Agib trod the solitary plain,  
 Where groves of spikenard\* greet his sense in vain:  
 In wealth o'er all the neighbouring swains supreme,  
 For manly beauty every virgin's theme.  
 But no repose his anxious bosom found,  
 Where sorrow cherish'd an eternal wound.  
 The frequent sigh, wan look, and frantic start,  
 Spoke the despair that prey'd upon his heart.  
 The haunts of men no more his steps invite,  
 Nor India's treasures give his soul delight;  
 In fields and deepening shades he sought relief,  
 And thus discharged the torrent of his grief.

'Ye swains, that through the bowers of pleasure rove,  
 Ye nymphs, that range the myrtle glades of love,  
 Forgive a wretch, whose feet your bowers profane,  
 Where joy alone and happy lovers reign:  
 But oh! this breast incessant cares corrode,  
 And urge my fainting steps to death's abode.  
 Joyless to me the seasons roll away,  
 Exhausted nature hurries to decay;

\* Or *nardus*, in botany; this plant was highly valued by the ancients both for luxury and medicine. It produces abundantly in the East Indies, where it grows in large tufts of from three to four feet long, and shoots up spikes to the height of six feet, perfuming the air with a fine aromatic smell.

Day's cheerful beams for me in vain return,  
 For me the stars of heaven neglected burn:  
 In vain the flowers in wild luxuriance blow,  
 In vain the fruits with purple radiance glow;  
 In vain the harvest groans, the vintage bleeds,  
 Grief urges grief, and toil to toil succeeds;  
 Since she whose presence bade the world be gay,  
 Whose charms gave lustre to the brightest day,  
 Hinda, once fairest of the virgin train,  
 Who haunts the forest or who ranges the plain,  
 Sleeps where the boughs of yon black cypress wave,  
 And I am left to languish at her grave!

' To that dear spot, when day's declining beam  
 Darts from yon shining towers a farewell gleam,  
 Constant as ever my sorrows I renew,  
 And mix my tears with the descending dew;  
 The last sad debt to buried beauty pay,  
 Kiss the cold shrine and clasp the mouldering clay.

' Far other sounds this conscious valley heard,  
 Far other vows these ardent lips preferr'd,  
 When, sick with love and eager to embrace  
 Beauties unrival'd but by angel grace,  
 I madden'd as I gazed o'er all her charms,  
 And hail'd my Hinda to a bridegroom's arms:  
 I printed on her lips a hasty kiss,  
 The pledge of ardent love and future bliss;  
 Her glowing blushes fann'd the secret fire,  
 Gave life to love and vigour to desire:  
 Then when the tear, warm trickling down my cheek,  
 Spoke the full language passion could not speak,  
 Our mutual transport seal'd the nuptial rite;  
 Heaven witness'd and approved the chaste delight.

' Prepare, I cried, prepare the nuptial feast,  
 Bring all the treasures of the rifled east.  
 The choicest gifts of every clime explore;  
 Let Aden\* yield her tributary store,

\* Aden and Saba are both cities of Arabia Felix, celebrated for the gardens and spicy woods with which they are surrounded.

Let Saba all her beds of spice unfold,  
 And Samarcand\* send gems and India gold  
 To deck a banquet worthy of the bride,  
 Where Mirth shall be the guest and Love preside.

" Full fifty steeds I boast of swiftest pace,  
 Fierce in the fight and foremost in the race :  
 Slaves too I have, a numerous faithful band,  
 And Heaven hath given me wealth with lavish hand :  
 Yet never have I heap'd a useless store,  
 Nor spurn'd the needy pilgrim from my door.  
 And, skill'd alike to wield the crook or sword,  
 I scorn the mandate of the proudest lord.  
 O'er my wide vales a thousand camels bound,  
 A thousand sheep my fertile hills surround ;  
 For her amidst the spicy shrubs they feed,  
 For her the choicest of the flock shall bleed.  
 Of polish'd crystal shall a goblet shine,  
 The surface mantling with the richest wine ;  
 And on its sides, with Omman's† pearls inlaid,  
 Full many a tale of love shall be portray'd :  
 Hesper shall rise, and warn us to be gone,  
 Yet will we revel till the breaking dawn ;  
 Nor will we heed the morn's unwelcome light,  
 Nor our joys finish with returning night.

' Not Georgia's nymphs can with my love compare :  
 Like jet the ringlets of her musky hair ;  
 Her stature like the palm, her shape the pine ;  
 Her breasts like swelling clusters of the vine ;

\* This once celebrated capital, in Independent Tartary, seems greatly to have declined since the days of the conqueror Timur, the festivities of whose court makes so considerable a figure in the Persian historians. The manufacture of paper made from silk was known here about A. D. 650, and its excellence recommended it to all the countries of the east. The country round contains the precious metals, &c. and is described as luxuriant and highly productive.

† The sea of Omman bounds Arabia on the south, and is celebrated by the eastern poets for the beauty and number of the pearls it produces.

Fragrant her breath as Hadramut's perfume ;  
And her cheeks shame the damask rose's bloom.  
Black, soft, and full, her eyes serenely roll,  
And seem the liquid mansion of her soul.  
Who shall describe her lips where rubies glow,  
Her teeth like shining drops of purest snow ?  
Beneath her honied tongue persuasion lies,  
And her voice breathes the strains of Paradise.

‘ A bower I have where branching almonds spread,  
Where all the seasons all their bounties shed ;  
The gales of life amidst the branches play,  
And music bursts from every vocal spray ;  
Its verdant foot a stream of amber laves,  
And o'er it Love his guardian banner waves.  
There shall our days, our nights, in pleasure glide ;  
Friendship shall live when passion's joys subside,  
Increasing years improve our mutual truth,  
And age give sanction to the choice of youth.

‘ Thus fondly I of fancied raptures sung,  
And with my song the gladden'd valley rung.  
But fate, with jealous eye, beheld our joy,  
Smiled to deceive, and flatter'd to destroy :  
Swift as the shades of night the vision fled,  
Grief was the guest, and Death the banquet spread ;  
A burning fever on her vitals prey'd,  
Defied love's efforts, baffled medicine's aid,  
And from these widow'd arms a treasure tore  
Beyond the price of empires to restore.

‘ What have I left ? what portion but despair,  
Long days of woe, and nights of endless care ?  
While others live to love I live to weep :  
Will sorrow burst the grave's eternal sleep ?  
Will all my prayers the savage tyrant move  
To quit his prey and give me back my love ?  
If far, far hence I take my hasty flight,  
Seek other haunts and scenes of soft delight,  
Amidst the crowded mart her voice I hear,  
And shed, unseen, the solitary tear.

Music exalts her animating strain,  
And beauty rolls her radiant eye in vain :  
All that was music fled with Hinda's breath,  
And beauty's brightest eyes are closed in death !  
I pine in darkness for the solar rays,  
Yet loathe the sun and sicken at his blaze.  
Then curse the light, and curse the lonely gloom,  
While unremitting sorrow points the tomb.

‘ Oh! Hinda, brightest of the black-eyed maids  
That sport in Paradise’ embowering shades,  
From golden boughs where bend ambrosial fruits,  
And fragrant waters wash the’ immortal roots ;  
Oh ! from the bright abodes of purer day  
The prostrate Agib at thy tomb survey ;  
Behold me with unceasing vigils pine,  
My youthful vigour waste with swift decline ;  
My hollow eye behold, and faded face,  
Where health but lately spread her ruddy grace.  
I can no more ;—this sabre sets me free ;  
This gives me back to rapture, love, and thee.  
Firm to the stroke its shining edge I bare,  
The lover’s last sad solace in despair.  
Go, faithful steel, act lingering nature’s part,  
Bury thy blushing point within my heart ;  
Drink all the life that warms these drooping veins,  
And banish at one stroke a thousand pains.  
Haste thee, dear charmer ; catch my gasping breath,  
And cheer with smiles the barren glooms of death !—  
’Tis done, the gates of Paradise expand,  
Attendant Houri seize my trembling hand ;  
I pass the dark inhospitable shore,  
And, Hinda, thou art mine—to part no more !’

MAURICE.

# MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS\*.

MY minde to me a kingdome is ;  
 Such perfect joy therein I finde  
 As far exceeds all earthly blisse  
 That God or Nature hath assignde.  
 Though much I want, that most would have,  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;  
 I seek no more than may suffice ;  
 I presse to beare no haughtie away ;  
 Look what I lack my mind supplies.  
 Loe! thus I triumph like a king,  
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,  
 And hastie clymbers soonest fall :  
 I see that such as sit aloft  
 Mishap doth threaten most of all :  
 These get with toile, and keep with feare :  
 Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,  
 No force to winne the victorie,  
 No wylie wit to salve a sore,  
 No shape to winne a lover's eye ;  
 To none of these I yeeld as thrall,  
 For why, my mind despiseth all.

\* This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonson in his play of "Every Man out of his Humour," first acted in 1599, Act I. Scene I. where an impatient person says,

"I am no such pill'd cynique to believe  
 That beggery is the only happinesse,  
 Or, with a number of these patient fooles,  
 To sing, 'My minde to me a kingdome is,'  
 When the lanke hungrie belly barks for fooode."\*

Some have too much, yet still they crave,  
I little have, yet seek no more;  
They are but poore, though much they have;  
And I am rich with little store:  
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,  
I grudge not at another's gaine;  
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,  
I brooke that is another's bane.  
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend,  
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;  
I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw;  
For care, I care not what it is;  
I feare not fortune's fatall law.  
My mind is such as may not move  
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;  
I wander not to seeke for more;  
I like the plaine, I climb no hill;  
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,  
And laugh at them that toile in vaine  
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;  
I feigne not love where most I hate;  
I breake no sleep to winne my will;  
I wayte not at the mighties gate;  
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich,  
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;  
Extreames are counted worst of all:  
The golden meane betwixt them both  
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:  
This is my choyce, for why, I finde  
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health and perfect ease,  
My conscience clere my chiefe defence :  
I never seeke by brybes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offence :  
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;  
Would all did so as well as I.

MARLOW.

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### DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armour against fate :  
Death lays his icy hands on kings ;  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked sithe and spade.  
Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;  
They tame but one another still.  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.  
The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
Upon death's purple altar now  
See where the victor victim bleeds :  
All heads must come  
To the cold tomb,  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust\*.

SHIRLEY.

\* These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a funeral song in a play of the author's, who flourished as a



# PASSIONATE SHEPHERD, AND THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

COME live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Slippers lined choicely for the cold ;  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning ;  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love. MARLOW.

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## THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the World and Love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I. It is said to have been a favourite song with Charles II. who admired it, we may suppose, in the way of contrast to his own propensities.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yield ;  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;  
Then those delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR W. RALEIGH\*.

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### THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.

#### *A fragment.*

ORDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground,  
Where few, I fear, are faithful found ;  
Mine be the conscience void of blame ;  
The upright heart ; the spotless name ;  
The tribute of the widow's prayer ;  
The righted orphan's grateful tear !

\* These two beautiful poems were formerly ascribed to Shakspeare ; but the researches of Dr. Percy, Mr. Malone, and others have discovered the real authors above noted.

To Virtue and her friends a friend,  
 Still may my voice the weak defend !  
 Ne'er may my prostituted tongue  
 Protect the' oppressor in his wrong ;  
 Nor wrest the spirit of the laws  
 To sanctify the villain's cause !  
 Let others, with unsparing hand,  
 Scatter their poison through the land ;  
 Inflame dissension, kindle strife,  
 And strew with ills the path of life ;  
 On such her gifts let fortune shower ;  
 Add wealth to wealth, and power to power ;  
 On me may favouring Heaven bestow  
 That peace which good men only know ;  
 The joy of joys, by few possess'd ;  
 The' eternal sunshine of the breast !  
 Power, fame, and riches I resign—  
 The praise of honesty be mine ;  
 That friends may weep ; the worthy sigh ;  
 And poor men bless me when I die !

SIR W. BLACKSTONE.

### DESPONDENCY.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,  
 A burden more than I can bear,  
     I sit me down and sigh :  
 O life ! thou art a galling load,  
 Along a rough, a weary road,  
     To wretches such as I !  
 Dim backward as I cast my view,  
     What sickening scenes appear !  
 What sorrows yet may pierce me through,  
     Too justly I may fear !  
     Still caring, despairing,  
     Must be my bitter doom ;  
 My woes here shall close ne'er,  
     But with the closing tomb !

Happy! ye sons of busy life,  
Who, equal to the bustling strife,  
    No other view regard!  
E'en when the wished end's denied,  
Yet, while the busy means are plied,  
    They bring their own reward:  
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,  
    Unfitted with an aim,  
Meet every sad returning night  
And joyless morn the same.  
    You, bustling and justling,  
    Forget each grief and pain;  
    I, listless yet restless,  
    Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,  
Who, all forgetting, all forgot,  
    Within his humble cell,  
The cavern wild with tangling roots,  
Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits,  
    Beside his crystal well!  
Or haply to his evening thought,  
    By unfrequented stream,  
The ways of men are distant brought,  
    A faint-collected dream:  
    While praising and raising  
    His thoughts to Heaven on high,  
    As wandering, meandering,  
    He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed  
Where never human footstep traced,  
    Less fit to play the part,  
The lucky moment to improve,  
And just to stop, and just to move,  
    With self-respecting art:  
But, ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,  
    Which I too keenly taste,  
The Solitary can despise,  
    Can want, and yet be bless'd!

He needs not, he heeds not,  
 Or human love or hate ;  
 Whilst I here must cry here,  
 At perfidy ingrate !  
 Oh ! enviable early days,  
 When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,  
 To care, to guilt unknown !  
 How ill exchanged for riper times,  
 To feel the follies or the crimes  
 Of others or my own !  
 Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport  
 Like linnets in the bush,  
 Ye little know the ills ye court,  
 When manhood is your wish !  
 The losses, the crosses  
 That active man engage ;  
 The fears all, the tears all  
 Of dim declining age !

BURNS.

WRITTEN DURING A  
 TOUR TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

Hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.

FROM every rich and gaudy scene,  
 Which crowded capitals display,  
 I court the solitary green,  
 Or o'er the pathless mountains stray.  
 From vice, from folly, pomp, and noise,  
 On reason's wings I fly ;  
 All hail, ye long-expected joys  
 Of calm tranquillity !  
 At least in this secure retreat,  
 Unvisited by kings,  
 Has virtue fix'd her halcyon seat,  
 And freedom waves her wings.

O gentle Lady of the West,  
Whose charms, on this sequester'd shore,  
With love can fire a stranger's breast;  
A breast that never loved before!

O tell me, in what silent vale,  
To hail the balmy breath of May,  
Thy tresses floating on the gale,  
All simply neat, thoud deign'st to stray!

Not such thy look, not such thy air,  
Not such thy unaffected grace,  
As, 'mid the town's deceitful glare,  
Marks the proud nymph's disdainful face.

Health's rosy bloom upon thy cheek,  
Eyes that with artless lustre roll,  
More eloquent than words, to speak  
The genuine feelings of the soul.

Such be thy form! thy noble mind  
By no false culture led astray;  
By native sense alone refined  
In reason's plain and simple way.

Indifferent if the eye of Fame  
Thy merit unobserving see;  
And heedless of the praise or blame  
Of all mankind; of all, but me.

O gentle Lady of the West!  
To find thee be my only task;  
When found, I'll clasp thee to my breast:  
No haughty birth or dower I ask.

Sequester'd in some secret glade,  
With thee unnoticed would I live;  
And if Content adorn the shade,  
What more can Heaven or Nature give?

Too long deceived by Pomp's false glare,  
'Tis thou must sooth my soul to rest ;  
'Tis thou must soften every care,  
O gentle Lady of the West !

DAY.

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ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,  
And tune the rural pipe to love,  
I envied not the happiest swain  
That ever trod the' Arcadian plain.  
Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;  
No torrents stain thy limpid source ;  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,  
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,  
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread :  
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood  
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;  
The springing trout, in speckled pride ;  
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;  
The ruthless pike, intent on war ;  
The silver eel, and mottled par.  
Devolving from thy parent lake,  
A charming maze thy waters make,  
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,  
And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,  
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,  
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,  
And shepherds piping in the dale,  
And ancient faith that knows no guile,  
And industry embrown'd with toil,  
And hearts resolved and hands prepared,  
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

SMOLLET.

### MORNING AND EVENING.

SAY, sweet carol! who are they  
 Who cheerly greet the rising day?  
 Little birds in leafy bower;  
 Swallows twittering on the tower;  
 Larks upon the light air borne;  
 Hunters roused with shrilly horn;  
 The woodman whistling on his way;  
 The new-waked child at early play,  
 Who barefoot prints the dewy green,  
 Winking to the sunny sheen;  
 And the meek maid who binds her yellow hair,  
 And blithely doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet carol! who are they  
 Who welcome in the evening gray?  
 The housewife trim, and merry lout,  
 Who sit the blazing fire about:  
 The sage a-conning o'er his book;  
 The tired wight in rushy nook,  
 Who, half asleep, but faintly hears  
 The gossip's tale hum in his ears;  
 The loosen'd steed in grassy stall;  
 The thanies feasting in the hall;  
 But most of all, the maid of cheerful soul  
 Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.

BAILLIE.

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### TO THE LADIES.

YE virgins! fond to be admired,  
 With mighty rage of conquest fired,  
 And universal sway;  
 Who heave the' uncover'd bosom high,  
 And roll a fond inviting eye  
 On all the circle gay!



You miss the fine and secret art  
To win the castle of the heart,  
For which you all contend ;  
The coxcomb tribe may crowd your train,  
But you will never, never gain  
A lover or a friend.

If this your passion, this your praise,  
To shine, to dazzle, and to blaze,  
You may be called divine :  
But not a youth beneath the sky  
Will say in secret, with a sigh,  
" O, were that maiden mine !"

You marshal brilliant from the box,  
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks,  
Your magazine of arms ;  
But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,  
The whispering hour, the tender talk,  
That gives you genuine charms.

The nymphlike robe, the natural grace,  
The smile, the native of the face,  
Refinement without art ;  
The eye where pure affection beams,  
The tear from tenderness that streams,  
The accents of the heart :

The trembling frame, the living cheek,  
Where, like the morning, blushes break  
To crimson o'er the breast ;  
The look where sentiment is seen,  
Fine passions moving o'er the mien,  
And all the soul express'd :

Your beauties these : with these you shine,  
And reign on high by right divine,  
The sovereigns of the world ;  
Then to your court the nations flow ;  
The Muse with flowers the path will strow,  
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

From dazzling deluges of snow,  
From summer noon's meridian glow,

We turn our aching eye,  
To nature's robe of vernal green,  
To the blue curtain, all serene,  
Of an autumnal sky.

The favourite tree of Beauty's queen,  
Behold the myrtle's modest green,

The virgin of the grove!  
Soft from the circlet of her star,  
The tender turtles draw the car  
Of Venus and of Love.

The growing charm invites the eye;  
See morning gradual paint the sky  
With purple and with gold!

See Spring approach with sweet delay!  
See rosebuds open to the ray,  
And leaf by leaf unfold!

We love the' alluring line of grace,  
That leads the eye a wanton chase,  
And lets the fancy rove;

The walk of beauty ever bends,  
And still begins, but never ends,  
The labyrinth of love.

At times to veil is to reveal,  
And to display is to conceal;  
Mysterious are your laws!

The vision finer than the view;  
Her landscape Nature never drew  
So fair as Fancy draws.

A beauty, carelessly betray'd,  
Enamours more than if display'd

All woman's charms were given;  
And o'er the bosom's vestal white,  
The gauze appears a robe of light,  
That veils yet opens heaven,

See virgin Eve, with graces bland,  
 Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,  
 In orient beauty beam!  
 Fair on the river-margin laid,  
 She knew not that her image made  
 The angel in the stream.

But ancient Eden blooms your own;  
 But artless Innocence alone  
 Secures the heavenly post;  
 For if, beneath an angel's mien,  
 The serpent's tortuous train is seen,  
 Our Paradise is lost.

O Nature, Nature, thine the charm!  
 Thy colours woo, thy features warm,  
 Thy accents win the heart!  
 Parisian paint of every kind,  
 That stains the body or the mind,  
 Proclaims the harlot's art.

The midnight minstrel of the grove,  
 Who still renews the hymn of love,  
 And woos the wood to hear,  
 Knows not the sweetness of his strain,  
 Nor that, above the tuneful train,  
 He charms the lover's ear.

LOGAN.

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### REFLECTIONS.

WHEN all the fiercer passions cease  
 (The glory and disgrace of youth),  
 When the deluded soul in peace  
 Can listen to the voice of truth;  
 When we are taught in whom to trust,  
 And how to spare, to spend, to give  
 (Our prudence kind, our pity just),  
 'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

Its weakness when the body feels,  
Nor danger in contempt defies ;  
To reason when desire appeals,  
When on experience hope relies ;  
When every passing hour we prize,  
Nor rashly on our follies spend ;  
But use it as it quickly flies,  
With sober aim to serious end :  
When prudence bounds our utmost views,  
And bids us wrath and wrong forgive ;  
When we can calmly gain or lose,  
'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

Yet thus when we our way discern,  
And can upon our care depend,  
To travel safely, when we learn,  
Behold ! we're near our journey's end.  
We've trod the maze of error round,  
Long wandering in the winding glade ;  
And now the torch of truth is found,  
It only shows us where we stray'd :  
Light for ourselves, what is it worth  
When we no more our way can choose ?  
For others when we hold it forth,  
They, in their pride, the boon refuse.

By long experience taught, we now  
Can rightly judge of friends and foes ;  
Can all the worth of these allow,  
And all their faults discern in those ;  
Relentless hatred, ebbing love,  
We can for sacred truth forego ;  
We can the warmest friend reprove,  
And bear to praise the fiercest foe :  
To what effect ? our friends are gone,  
Beyond reproof, regard, or care ;  
And of our foes, remains there one,  
The mild relenting thoughts to share ?

Now 'tis our boast that we can quell  
The wildest passions in their rage ;  
Can their destructive force repel,  
And their impetuous wrath assuage :  
Ah! virtue, dost thou arm when now  
This bold rebellious race are fled ;  
When all these tyrants rest, and thou  
Art warring with the mighty dead ?  
Revenge, ambition, scorn, and pride,  
And strong desire and fierce disdain,  
The giant brood by thee defied,  
Lo! time's resistless strokes have slain.

Yet time, who could that race subdue  
(O'erpowering strength, appeasing rage),  
Leaves yet a persevering crew  
To try the failing powers of age ;  
Vex'd by the constant call of these,  
Virtue awhile for conquest tries,  
But, weary grown and fond of ease,  
She makes with them a compromise ;  
Avarice himself she gives to rest,  
But rules him with her strict commands ;  
Bids Pity touch his torpid breast,  
And Justice hold his eager hands.

Yet is there nothing men can do,  
When chilling age comes creeping on ?  
Cannot we yet some good pursue ?  
Are talents buried? genius gone ?  
If passions slumber in the breast,  
If follies from the heart be fled ;  
Of laurels let us go in quest,  
And place them on the poet's head.

Yes, we'll redeem the wasted time,  
And to neglected studies flee ;  
We'll build again the lofty rhyme,  
Or live, Philosophy, with thee ;

For reasoning clear, for flight sublime,  
 Eternal fame reward shall be ;  
 And to what glorious heights we'll climb,  
 The' admiring crowd shall envying see.

Begin the song ! begin the theme !—  
 Alas ! and is invention dead ?  
 Dream we no more the golden dream ?  
 Is memory with her treasures fled ?  
 Yes ! 'tis too late,—now reason guides  
 The mind, sole judge in all debate ;  
 And thus the' important point decides,  
 For laurels 'tis, alas ! too late.  
 What it possess'd we may retain,  
 But for new conquests strive in vain.

Beware then, age, that what was won,  
 In life's past labours, studies, views,  
 Be lost not now the labour's done,  
 When all thy part is,—not to lose :  
 When thou canst toil or gain no more,  
 Destroy not what was gain'd before.

For all that's gain'd of all that's good,  
 When time shall his weak frame destroy,  
 (Their use then rightly understood),  
 Shall man in happier state enjoy.  
 Oh ! argument for truth divine,  
 For study's cares, for virtue's strife ;  
 To know the' enjoyment will be thine,  
 In that renew'd, that endless life !

CRABBE.

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### OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU, whose beams the seagirt earth array,  
 King of the sky, and father of the day !  
 O Sun ! what fountain, hid from human eyes,  
 Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,

For ever burning and for ever bright,  
With Heaven's pure fire and everlasting light?  
What awful beauty in thy face appears,  
Immortal youth, beyond the power of years!

When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,  
And from the gates of Morn thy glory shines,  
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,  
And all the planets hide their heads in night;  
The Queen of Heaven forsakes the' ethereal plain,  
To sink inglorious in the western main.  
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,  
High in the heavens, immortal and alone!  
Who can abide the brightness of thy face,  
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race?  
The mountain oaks, like their own leaves, decay;  
Themselves, the mountains, wear with age away;  
The boundless main, that rolls from land to land,  
Lessens at times and leaves a waste of sand;  
The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
Is lost in heaven, and emptied of her light;  
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,  
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,  
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;  
When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings dire,  
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire;  
When loud and long the deep mouth'd thunder rolls,  
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;  
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,  
Her wonted charm the face of nature wears;  
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,  
Looks from the sky and laughs the storm away.

LOGAN.

## THE PASSIONS.

An Ode.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,  
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
 Throng'd around her magic cell,  
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;  
 By turns they felt the glowing mind  
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined:  
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,  
 From the supporting myrtles round  
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;  
 And, as they oft had heard apart  
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
 Each, for Madness ruled the hour,  
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,  
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd; his eyes, on fire,  
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings,  
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measure woe Despair,  
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,  
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delighted measure?  
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,



And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !  
Still would her touch the strain prolong,  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She call'd on Echo still through all the song ;  
And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,  
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.  
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,  
Revenge impatient rose ;  
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,  
And, with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.  
And ever and anon he beat  
The doubling drum with furious heat :  
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
Dejected Pity at his side  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien ;  
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from  
his head.  
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,  
Sad proof of thy distressful state !  
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,  
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.  
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
Pale Melancholy sat retired,  
And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :  
And, dashing soft from rocks around,  
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;  
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,  
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,  
Round a holy calm diffusing,  
Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !  
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
Blew an aspiring air that dale and thicket rang.  
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known ;  
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,  
Satyrs and silvan boys were seen  
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;  
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,  
And Sport leap'd up and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstasie trial.  
He, with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;  
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,  
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.  
They would have thought who heard the strain  
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,  
Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
To some unwearied minstrel dancing :  
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;  
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,  
And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay,  
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,  
Why, Goddess, why, to us denied,  
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?  
As in that loved Athenian bower,  
You learn'd an all-commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,  
Can well recall what then it heard.  
Where is thy native simple heart,  
'Devote to virtue, fancy, art?

Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime?  
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
 Fill thy recording sister's page—  
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 Than all which charms this laggard age:  
 E'en all at once together found  
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—  
 O, bid our vain endeavours cease,  
 Revive the just designs of Greece;  
 Return in all thy simple state,  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate! COLLINS

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### TO THE BEE.

SWEET labourer! 'midst the Summer's golden hour,  
 Full oft I trace thy little busy flight,  
 With pleasure see thee perch from flower to flower,  
 On violets, woodbines, roses, lilies, light!

Yet what to thee is Summer's golden smile?  
 And what to thee the flower-enamel'd plain?  
 Will gratitude reward thy daily toil?  
 No, no, thou workest for reward in vain!

Not long the hive of treasures will be thine:  
 Rapacity will force thy little door,  
 Those treasures with thy life thou must resign,  
 A breathless victim on the fragrant store!

O base return! to lose thy precious breath,  
 And I, ye gods! as basely shall be served;  
 Thou for thy treasures wilt be smoked to death,  
 And I, the honey'd poet, shall be starved!

DR. WOLCOTT.

## SONNET.

TO CYRIAC SKYNNER\*.

CYRIAC, this three years' day these eyes, though clear  
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer  
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied  
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,  
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side. [mask,  
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain  
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

MILTON.

## THE SAILOR.

THE sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,  
 As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;  
 He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,  
 And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear domestic scene he knew,  
 Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,  
 Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,  
 Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,  
 Through all the horrors of the stormy main;  
 This, the last wish that would with life depart,  
 To meet the smile of her he loves again.

\* Milton's eyesight had been long injured by his midnight studies; but he seems to have worn it out in writing his Defence of the People of England, in putting Charles Stuart to death as a tyrant. He alludes to this, with great satisfaction, and with unspeakable nobleness of mind, in the "Sonnet to Cyriac Skynner," who had been one of his pupils.

When Morn first faintly draws her silver line,  
 Or Eve's gray cloud descends to drink the wave;  
 When sea and skies in midnight darkness join,  
 Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,  
 Attends his little bark from pole to pole;  
 And, when the beating billows round him roar,  
 Whispers sweet hope to sooth his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,  
 In many a plantain forest waving wide;  
 Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,  
 And giant palms o'erarch the golden tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!  
 Lo, o'er the cliff what eager objects bend!  
 And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!  
 In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!  
 Soon is the anchor cast, the canvass furl'd;  
 Soon through the whitening surge he springs to land,  
 And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

ROGERS.

### EDWIN AND EMMA\*.

FAR in the windings of a vale  
 Fast by a sheltering wood,  
 The safe retreat of Health and Peace,  
 An humble cottage stood;  
 There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair  
 Beneath a mother's eye,  
 Whose only wish on earth was now  
 To see her bless'd, and die.

\* At Bowes, a small village in Yorkshire, a circumstance really occurred in the year 1714 which may be considered as the foundation of this poem; it had a similar tragical result, and the lovers were buried in the same grave. The maiden was amiable, but poor, though of equal birth with her lover, whose parents said, "that blood was nothing without *greats*."

The softest blush that Nature spreads  
Gave colour to her cheek ;  
Such orient colour smiles through heaven  
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn  
This charmer of the plains ;  
That sun which bids their diamond blaze,  
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,  
Each maiden with despair,  
And, though by all a wonder own'd,  
Yet knew not she was fair ;

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains !  
A soul devoid of art,  
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,  
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,  
Was quickly too reveal'd ;  
For neither bosom lodged a wish  
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of homefelt bliss  
Did love on both bestow !  
But bliss too mighty long to last,  
Where Fortune proves a foe.

His sister who, like Envy form'd,  
Like her in mischief joy'd,  
To work them harm, with wicked skill  
Each darker art employ'd :

The father too, a sordid man !  
Who love nor pity knew,  
Was all unfeeling as the clod  
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,  
And seen it long unmoved ;  
Then, with a father's frown, at last  
Had sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war  
Of differing passions strove ;  
His heart, that durst not disobey,  
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind  
The spreading hawthorn crept,  
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot  
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too, on Stanmore's wintry waste,  
Beneath the moonlight shade,  
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,  
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health and beauty glow'd,  
A deadly pale o'ercast ;  
So fades the fresh rose in its prime  
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,  
Hung o'er his dying bed,  
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,  
And fruitless sorrow shed.

" 'Tis pass'd," he cried ; " but if your souls  
Sweet mercy yet can move,  
Let these dim eyes once more behold  
What they must ever love."

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,  
And bathed with many a tear :  
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,  
So morning dews appear.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care,  
A cruel sister she !  
Forbade what Emma came to say—  
" My Edwin ! live for me."

Now homeward as she hopeless wept  
The churchyard path along,  
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd  
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,  
Her startling fancy found  
In every bush his hovering shade,  
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd  
The visionary vale—  
When lo! the deathbell smote her ear,  
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,  
Her aged mother's door—  
“He's gone!” she cried; “and I shall see  
That angel face no more!

“I feel, I feel this breaking heart  
Beat high against my side.”—  
From her white arm down sunk her head;  
She shivering sigh'd, and died.      MALLEY.

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### THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past  
There lived a man—and *who* was he?  
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast!  
That man resembled thee!

Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died unknown,  
His name hath perish'd from the earth,  
This truth survives alone—

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear  
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;  
His bliss and woe, a smile, a tear!  
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirits' rise and fall,  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For *these* are felt by all.



He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er;  
 Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled;  
 Had friends—his friends are now no more;  
 And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave  
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb;  
 O she was fair! but nought could save  
 Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
 Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
 To him exist—in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,  
 Encounter'd all that troubles thee;  
 He was—whatever thou hast been;  
 He is—what thou shalt be!

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye  
 That once their shade and glory threw,  
 Have left in yonder silent sky  
 No vestige where they flew!

The annals of the human race,  
 Their ruin since the world began  
 Of him afford no other trace  
 Than this—THERE LIVED A MAN.

MONTGOMERY.

### THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,  
 In every clime, adored  
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!  
 Thou great First Cause, least understood,  
 Who all my sense confined  
 To know but this, that thou art good,  
 And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill ;  
And, binding Nature fast in Fate,  
Left free the human will ;

What Conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This teach me more than hell to shun,  
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives  
Let me not cast away,  
For God is paid when man receives ;  
To' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay ;  
If I am wrong, oh ! teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the faults I see ;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Since quicken'd by thy breath :  
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot ;  
 All else beneath the sun  
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
 One chorus let all beings raise,  
 All Nature's incense rise.

POPE.

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## BRYAN AND PEREENE.

### A West Indian Ballad.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,  
 The ship was safely moor'd,  
 Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,  
 And so leap'd overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,  
 His heart long held in thrall ;  
 And whoso his impatience blames,  
 I wot, ne'er loved at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,  
 He dwelt on English land,  
 Nor once in thought or deed would stray,  
 Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,  
 Right blithsome roll'd his een ;  
 Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,  
 He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw  
 That graced his mistress true ?  
 Such charms the old world seldom saw,  
 Nor oft, I ween, the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,  
Like tendrils of the vine;  
Her cheeks red dewy rosebuds deck,  
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well known ship she spied  
She cast her weeds away;  
And to the palmy shore she hied,  
All in her best array.

In seagreen silk so neatly clad,  
She there impatient stood;  
The crew with wonder saw the lad  
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,  
Which he at parting gave;  
Well pleased the token he survey'd,  
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions, one and all,  
Rejoicing crowd the strand;  
For now her lover swam in call,  
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,  
To clasp her lovely swain;  
When ah! a shark bit through his waist,  
His heart's blood dyed the main!

He shriek'd; his half sprang from the wave,  
Streaming with purple gore,  
And soon it found a living grave,  
And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,  
Fetch water from the spring—  
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,  
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,  
 Ye fair, fresh flowerets strew;  
 So may your lovers scape his doom,  
 Her hapless fate scape you.

GRAINGER\*.

### GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph! with curious eye,  
 Who the purple evening lie  
 On the mountain's lonely van,  
 Beyond the noise of busy man,  
 Painting fair the form of things,  
 While the yellow linnet sings;  
 Or the tuneful nightingale  
 Charms the forest with her tale;—  
 Come with all thy various hues,  
 Come and aid thy sister Muse,  
 Now, while Phœbus riding high  
 Gives lustre to the land and sky,  
 Grongar Hill invites my song,  
 Draw the landscape bright and strong;  
 Grongar! in whose mossy cells  
 Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;  
 Grongar! in whose silent shade,  
 For the modest Muses made,  
 So oft I have, the evening still,  
 At the fountain of a rill,  
 Sat upon a flowery bed,  
 With my hand beneath my head,  
 While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
 Over mead and over wood,  
 From house to house, from hill to hill,  
 Till Contemplation had her fill.

\* Dr. Grainger was an eminent physician in the island of St. Christophers, where this tragical incident happened about the year 1760. This ingenious gentleman was author of a fine Ode to Solitude, in Dodley's Miscell. vol. iv. p. 229.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,  
And leave his brooks and meads behind ;  
And groves and grottos, where I lay,  
And vistas shooting beams of day.  
Wide and wider spreads the vale,  
As circles on a smooth canal :  
The mountains round, unhappy fate !  
Sooner or later, of all height,  
Withdraw their summits from the skies,  
And lessen as the others rise.  
Still the prospect wider spreads,  
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;  
Still it widens, widens still,  
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow ;  
What a landscape lies below !  
No clouds, no vapours intervene ;  
But the gay, the open scene  
Does the face of nature show  
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;  
And, swelling to embrace the light,  
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
Proudly towering in the skies ;  
Rushing from the woods, the spires  
Seem from hence ascending fires :  
Half his beams Apollo sheds  
On the yellow mountain heads,  
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,  
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,  
Beautiful in various dyes ;  
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
The yellow beech, the sable yew,  
The slender fir that taper grows,  
The sturdy oak with broad spread boughs ;  
And, beyond the purple grove,  
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love !

Gandy as the opening dawn,  
Lies a long and level lawn,  
On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
Holds and charms the wandering eye.  
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,  
His sides are clothed with waving wood;  
And ancient towers crown his brow,  
That cast an awful look below;  
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,  
And with her arms from falling keeps -  
So both a safety from the wind  
On mutual dependance find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,  
'Tis now the' apartment of the toad;  
And there the fox securely feeds,  
And there the poisonous adder breeds,  
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;  
While, ever and anon, there falls  
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.  
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,  
And level lays the lofty brow,  
Has seen this broken pile complete,  
Big with the vanity of state:  
But transient is the smile of Fate:  
A little rule a little sway,  
A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run  
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun.  
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,  
Wave succeeding wave, they go  
A various journey to the deep,  
Like human life, to endless sleep:  
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought  
To instruct our wandering thought;  
Thus she dresses green and gay,  
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,  
When will the landscape tire the view !  
The fountain's fall, the rivers' flow,  
The woody valleys warm and low ;  
The windy summit, wild and high,  
Roughly rushing on the sky !  
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,  
The naked rock, the shady bower ;  
The town and village, dome and farm,  
Each give each a double charm,  
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,  
Where the prospect opens wide,  
Where the evening gilds the tide,  
How close and small the hedges lie !  
What streaks and meadows cross the eye !  
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,  
So little distant dangers seem :  
So we mistake the future's face,  
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass,  
As yon summits soft and fair,  
Clad in colours of the air,  
Which, to those who journey near,  
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;  
Still we tread the same coarse way ;  
The present's still a cloudly day.

O may I with myself agree,  
And never covet what I see !  
Content me with an humble shade,  
My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;  
For while our wishes wildly roll,  
We banish quiet from the soul :  
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,  
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now my joys run high,  
As on the mountain turf I lie ;  
While the wanton zephyr sings,  
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;



While the waters murmur deep;  
 While the shepherd charms his sheep;  
 While the birds unbounded fly,  
 And with music fill the sky,  
 Now, even now my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts! be great who will;  
 Search for peace with all your skill;  
 Open wide the lofty door,  
 Seek her on the marble floor;  
 In vain ye search, she is not there;  
 In vain ye search the domes of Care!  
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
 On the meads and mountain heads,  
 Along with Pleasure close allied,  
 Ever by each other's side;  
 And often, by the murmuring rill,  
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,  
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

DYER.

### PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

Now spring returns; but not to me returns  
 The vernal joy my better years have known;  
 Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
 And all the joys of life with health are flown.  
 Starting and shivering in the' inconstant wind,  
 Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,  
 Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,  
 And count the silent moments as they pass.  
 The winged moments, whose unstaying speed  
 No art can stop, or in their course arrest:  
 Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,  
 And lay me down in peace with them that rest.  
 Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;  
 And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.  
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,  
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;  
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,  
 The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,  
 Which mortals visit, and return no more.  
 Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!  
 Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,  
 Where melancholy with still silence reigns,  
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.  
 There let me wander at the shut of eve,  
 When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,  
 The world and all its busy follies leave,  
 And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.  
 There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,  
 When Death shall shut these weary aching eyes,  
 Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,  
 Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

BRUCE.

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### THE SCHOOLBOY\*.

IN THE MANNER OF THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

WRITTEN WHEN A SCHOOLBOY.

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Multa tulit, fecitque puer. HOM.

THRICE happy he whose hours the cheering smiles  
 Of freedom bless ; who wantons uncontrol'd  
 Where ease invites, or pleasure's siren voice.  
 Him the stern tyrant, with his iron scourge  
 Annoys not, nor the dire oppressive weight  
 Of galling chain ; but when the blushing morn

\* This poem proved the fortunate means of introducing the ingenious author to Dr. Johnson, who spoke publicly of it in such terms as alone could have induced him to reprint it. The reader will be pleased to observe that the *false sublime* is purposely assumed throughout it, and is essential to this species of poetical composition.

Purples the east, with eager transport wild,  
O'er hill, o'er valley, on his panting steed,  
He bounds exulting, as in full career,  
With horns and hounds and thundering shouts, he drives  
The flying stag; or when the dusky shades  
Of eve, advancing, veil the darken'd sky,  
To neighbouring tavern, blithesome, he resorts  
With boon companion, where they drown their cares  
In sprightly bumpers and the mantling bowl.

Far otherwise, within these darksome walls,  
Whose gates, with rows of triple steel secured,  
And many a bolt, prohibit all egress,  
I spend my joyless days; ere dawn appears,  
Roused from my peaceful slumbers by the sound  
Of awe-inspiring bell, whose every stroke  
Chills my heart blood, all trembling, I descend  
From dreary attic, round whose ancient roof,  
Gaping with hideous chinks, the whistling blast  
Perpetual raves, and fierce-descending rains  
Discharge their fury.—Dire lethargic dews  
Oppress my drowsy sense, scarce yet awake  
From rapture's airy dreams, where, fired with all  
That Virgil sang or fabling Homer feign'd,  
My fancy realised poetic tales,  
And ranged Elysian valleys;—now I quaff,  
From crystal goblets, bright with gems and gold,  
Rich nectar, drink of gods—now, sore oppress'd  
With goading famine, on ambrosial fruits  
Banquet with thundering Jove:—ah, transient feast!  
For like, oh Tantalus, thy feign'd repast,  
The airy viands mock my waking grasp!  
Meanwhile benumbing cold invades my joints,  
As, with slow faltering footsteps, I resort  
To where, of antique mould, a lofty dome  
Rears its tremendous front; here all at once,  
From thousand different tongues, a mighty hum  
Assaults my ears; loud as the distant roar  
Of tumbling torrents; or as in some mart

Of public note, for traffic far renown'd,  
Where Jew with Grecian, Turk with African,  
Assembled, in one general peal unite  
Of dreadful jargon.—Straight on wooden bench  
I take my seat, and con, with studious care,  
The' appointed tasks; o'er many a puzzling page  
Poring intent, and sage Athenian bard,  
With dialect, and mood, and tense, perplex'd,  
And conjugations varied without end.

When lo! with haughty stride (in size like him  
Who erst extended on the burning lake  
Lay floating many a rood), his sullen brow  
With louring frowns and fearful glooms o'ercast,  
Enters the Pedagogue: terrific sight!  
An ample ninefold peruke, spread immense,  
Luxuriant waving down his shoulders plays;  
His hand a bunch of limber twig sustains,  
Call'd by the vulgar birch: tartarean root,  
Whose rankling points, in blackest poison dipp'd,  
Inflict a mortal pain; and, where they light,  
A ghastly furrow leave.—Scared at the sight,  
The bustling multitude, with anxious hearts,  
Their stations seek.—A solemn pause ensues;  
As when, of old, the monarch of the floods,  
'Midst raging hurricanes and-battling waves,  
Shaking the dreadful trident, rear'd aloft  
His awful brow,—sudden the furious winds  
Were hush'd in peace, the billows cease their rage:  
Or when (if mighty themes like these allow  
A humble metaphor) the sportive race  
Of nibbling heroes, bent on wanton play,  
Beneath the shelter of some well stored barn,  
In many an airy circle wheel around;  
Some eye, perchance, in private nook conceal'd,  
Beholds Grimalkin; instant they disperse,  
In headlong flight, each to his secret cell,  
If haply he may scape impending fate.

Thus ceased the general clamour ; all remain  
In silent terror wrapp'd and thought profound.

Meanwhile the Pedagogue throughout the dome  
His fiery eyeballs, like two blazing stars,  
Portentous rolls on some unthinking wretch  
To shed their baleful influence ; whilst his voice,  
Like thunder or the cannon's sudden burst,  
Three times is heard, and thrice the roofs resound !  
A sudden paleness gathers in my face ;  
Through all my limbs a stiffening horror spreads,  
Cold as the dews of death, nor heed my eyes  
Their wonted function, but, in stupid gaze,  
Ken the fell monster ; from my trembling hands  
The thumbworn volume drops ; oh, dire presage  
Of instant woe ! for now the mighty sound,  
Pregnant with dismal tidings, once again  
Strikes my astonish'd ears. Transfix'd with awe,  
And senseless for a time I stand ; but soon,  
By friendly jog or neighbouring whisper roused,  
Obey the dire injunction ; straight I loose  
Depending brogues, and to the awful stroke  
Of magisterial vengeance, daily gorged,  
As Moloch erst, with infant tears and blood,  
With indignation bow.—Nor long delays  
The monarch ; from his palace stalking down,  
With visage all inflamed, his sable robe  
Sweeping, in lengthening folds, along the ground,  
He shakes his sceptre, and the' impending scourge  
Brandishes high ; nor tears nor shrieks avail ;  
But with impetuous fury it descends,  
Imprinting horrid wounds, with fatal flow  
Of blood attended, and convulsive pangs.

Cursed be the wretch for ever doom'd to bear  
Infernal whippings, he whose savage hands  
First grasp'd these barbarous weapons ; bitter cause  
Of foul disgrace, and many a dolorous groan  
To hapless schoolboy.—Could it not suffice

I groan'd and toil'd beneath the meroiless weight  
By stern relentless tyranny imposed ;  
But scourges too and cudgels were reserved  
To goad my harrow'd sides ; this wretched life  
Loading with heavier ills ; a life exposed  
To all the woes of hunger, toil, distress ;  
Cut off from every genial source of bliss ;  
From every bland amusement, wont to soothe  
The youthful breast—except when father Time,  
In joyful change, rolls round the festive hour  
That gives this meagre, pining figure back  
To parent fondness and its native roofs !—  
Fired with the thought then, then my towering soul  
Rises superior to its load, and spurns  
Its proud oppressors ; frantic with delight,  
My fancy riots in successive scenes  
Of bliss and pleasures : plans and schemes are laid  
How best the fleeting moments to improve,  
Nor lose one portion of so rare a boon.

But soon, too soon these glorious scenes are fled ;  
Scarce one short moon enjoy'd (oh ! transient state  
Of sublunary bliss), by bitter change  
And other scenes succeeded, what fierce pangs  
Then rack my soul ; what ceaseless floods of grief  
Rush down my cheeks, while strong convulsive throbs  
Heave all my frame, and choke the power of speech !  
Forlorn I sigh, nor heed the gentle voice  
Of friend or stranger who, with soothing words  
And slender gift, would fain beguile my woes !  
In vain ; for what can aught avail to soothe  
Such raging anguish ! Oft, with sudden glance,  
Before my eyes, in all its horrors, glares  
That well known form, and oft I seem to hear  
The thundering scourge.—Ah me ! e'en now I feel  
Its deadly venom, raging as the pangs  
That tore Alcides, when the burning vest  
Prey'd on his wasted sides.—At length return'd  
Within these hated walls, again I mourn,

A sullen prisoner, till the wish'd approach  
Of joyous holiday or festive play  
Releases me : Ah ! freedom that must end  
With thee, declining Sol ; all hail, ye saints !  
Ye deathless martyrs ! whose recorded names,  
In large conspicuous character portray'd,  
Adorn the annual chronologic page  
Of Wing or Partridge : oft, when sore oppress'd  
With dire calamities, the glad return  
Of your triumphant festivals hath cheer'd  
My drooping soul. Nor be thy name forgot,  
Illustrious George, for much to thee I owe  
Of heartfelt rapture, as, with loyal zeal  
Glowing, I pile the crackling bonfire high,  
Or hurl the mounting rocket through the air,  
Or fiery whizzing serpent ; thus thy name  
Shall still be honour'd, as, through future years,  
The circling seasons roll their festive round.

Sometimes, by dire compulsive hunger press'd,  
I spring the neighbouring fence, and scale the trunk  
Of apple tree ; or wide, o'er flowery lawns,  
By hedge or thicket, bend my hasty steps,  
Intent, with secret ambush, to surprise  
The straw-built nest, and unsuspecting brood  
Of thrush or bullfinch ; oft, with watchful ken,  
Eyeing the backward lawns, lest hostile glance  
Observe my footsteps, while each rustling leaf,  
Stirr'd by the gentle gale, alarms my fears :  
Then, parch'd beneath the burning heats of noon,  
I plunge into the limpid stream that laves  
The silent vale, or on its grassy banks,  
Beneath some oak's majestic shade, recline ;  
Envyng the vagrant fishes, as they pass,  
Their boon of freedom ; till the distant sound  
Of tolling curfew warns me to depart.

Thus, under tyrant power, I groan, oppress'd  
With worse than slavery ; yet my free-born soul  
For native warmth forgets not, nor will brook

Menace or taunt from proud insulting peer;  
But summons to the field the doughty foe,  
In single combat, midst the impartial throng,  
There to decide our fate. Oft too, inflamed  
With mutual rage, two rival armies meet  
Of youthful warriors; kindling at the sight,  
My soul is fired with vast heroic thoughts,  
Trusting, in martial glory, to surpass  
Roman or Grecian chief; instant, with shouts,  
The mingling squadrons join the horrid fray:  
No need of cannon or the murderous steel  
Wide-wasting; nature, rage, our arms supply.  
Fragments of rocks are hurl'd, and showers of stones  
Obscure the day; nor less the brawny arm,  
Of knotted club avail; high in the midst  
Are seen the mighty chiefs, through hosts of foes,  
Mowing their way; and now, with tenfold rage,  
The combat burns; full many a sanguine stream  
Distains the field, and many a veteran brave  
Lies prostrate; loud triumphant shouts ascend  
By turns from either host; each claims the palm  
Of glorious conquest; nor till night's dun shades  
Involve the sky, the doubtful conflict ends.

Thus when rebellion shook the thrones of heaven,  
And all the' eternal powers in battle met,  
High o'er the rest, with vast gigantic strides,  
The godlike leaders, on the' embattled plain,  
Came towering, breathing forth revenge and fate;  
Nor less terrific join'd the' inferior hosts  
Of angel warriors, when encountering hills  
Tore the rent concave;—flashing with the blaze  
Of fiery arms, and lightnings, not of Jove;  
All heaven resounded, and the' astonish'd deeps  
Of Chaos bellow'd with the monstrous roar.

MAURICE.



## THE BARD.

## An Ode.

" RUIN seize thee, ruthless king!  
 Confusion on thy banners wait!  
 Though, fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,  
 They mock the air with idle state!  
 Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
 Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail  
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"—  
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride  
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,  
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side  
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.  
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:  
 To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering  
 lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
 With haggard eyes the poet stood  
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair  
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air);  
 And with a master's hand and prophet's fire  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.  
 " Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave  
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!  
 O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they wave,  
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;  
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

" Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
 That hush'd the stormy main:  
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:  
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain

Modred, whose magic song  
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head,  
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,  
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale;  
Far, far aloof the' affrighted ravens sail;  
The famish'd eagle screams and passes by.  
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm'd my heart,  
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.—

“ No more I weep.—They do not sleep.  
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
I see them sit: they linger yet,  
Avengers of their native land:  
With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.—

“ ‘ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,  
The windingsheet of Edward's race.  
Give ample room and verge enough  
The characters of hell to trace.  
Mark the year, and mark the night,  
When Severn shall reecho with affright;  
The shrieks of death through Berkley's roof that ring;  
Shrieks of an agonizing king!  
She wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,  
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,  
From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs  
The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait!  
Amazement in his van with flight combined,  
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

“ ‘ Mighty victor, mighty lord,  
Low on his funeral couch he lies!  
No pitying heart, no eye afford  
A tear to grace his obsequies.  
Is the sable warrior fled?  
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,  
Gone to salute the rising morn.  
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;  
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm ;  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

“ ‘ Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
The rich repast prepare,  
’Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :  
Close by the regal chair  
Fell thirst and famine scowl  
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.  
Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
Lance to lance, horse to horse ?  
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,  
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.  
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,  
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame ;  
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.  
Above, below, the rose of snow,  
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread !  
The bristled boar in infant gore  
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
Now, brothers, bending o'er the' accursed loom,  
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

“ ‘ Edward, lo ! to sudden fate  
(Weave we the woof ! the thread is spun)  
Half thy heart we consecrate.  
(The web is wove. The work is done).’—  
Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn,  
Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :  
In yon bright track that fires the western skies,  
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,  
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll !  
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !  
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !  
No more our long lost Arthur we bewail,  
All hail, ye genuine kings ! Britannia's issue, hail !

“ Girt with many a baron bold,  
Sublime their starry fronts they rear :  
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old  
In bearded majesty appear.  
In the midst a form divine !  
Her eye proclaims her of the British line ;  
Her lion port, her awe-commanding face,  
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.  
What strings symphonious tremble in the air !  
What strains of vocal transport round her play !  
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;  
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
Bright rapture calls, and, soaring, as she sings,  
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

“ The verse adorn again  
Fierce war, and faithful love,  
And truth severe, by fairy fiction dress'd.  
In buskin'd measures move  
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,  
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.  
A voice, as of the cherub choir,  
Gales from blooming Eden bear,  
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
That lost in long futurity expire.  
Fond impious man ! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,  
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?  
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.—  
Enough for me : with joy I see

The different doom our fates assign.  
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care ;  
To triumph and to die are mine."  
He spoke ; and, headlong from the mountain's height,  
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.  
GRAY.

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## ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the sea ;  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.  
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;  
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.  
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.  
The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.  
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the' inevitable hour ;—  
The paths of Glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear :  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The' applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the' unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply :  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the' unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary headed swain may say:  
" Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,  
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.  
" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreaths its old fantastic root so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.  
" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;  
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.  
" One morn I miss'd him on the' accustom'd hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.  
" The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the churchyard path we saw him borne.  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

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THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;  
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.  
Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :  
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear ;  
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.  
No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
The bosom of his Father and his God. GRAY.



## MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

YET do I live? O, how shall I sustain  
 This vast unutterable weight of woe?  
 This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,  
 Or all the complicated ills below?  
 She, in whose life my hopes were treasured all,  
 Is gone—for ever fled—  
 My dearest Emma's dead;  
 These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall.  
 Ah, no—she lives on some far happier shore,  
 She lives—but, cruel thought! she lives for me no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day  
 Removed, would languish for my charmer's sight;  
 Would chide the lingering moments for delay,  
 And fondly blame the slow return of night;  
 How, how shall I endure  
 (O misery past a cure!)  
 Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,  
 Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?  
 Did ever mind so much of heaven partake?  
 Did she not love me with the purest flame?  
 And give up friends and fortune for my sake?  
 Though mild as evening skies,  
 With downcast streaming eyes,  
 Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,  
 Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train  
 (No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays),  
 Teach me each moving melancholy strain,  
 And oh! discard the pageantry of phrase:

Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine !  
Thus haply as I paint  
The source of my complaint,  
My soul may own the 'impassion'd line ;  
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,  
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friend, forbear  
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell ;  
" How good she was, how gentle, and how fair !"  
In pity, cease—alas ! I know too well  
How in her sweet expressive face  
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,  
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace,  
Of manners most engaging, most refined.

No piteous object could she see,  
But her soft bosom shared the woe,  
While smiles of affability  
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.  
Whate'er the emotions of her heart,  
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,  
Stranger to every female art,  
Alike to feign or to disguise :  
And oh ! the boast how rare !  
The secret in her faithful breast reposed  
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclosed,  
In secret silence lodged inviolate there.  
Oh, feeble words—unable to express  
Her matchless virtues or my own distress.

Relentless 'death ! that, steel'd to human woe,  
With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind,  
Why (cruel !) strike this deprecated blow,  
And leave such wretched multitudes behind ?  
Hark ! groans come wing'd on every breeze !  
The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow,  
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,  
And supplicate thy aid as I do now :

In vain—perverse, still on the' unweeting head  
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed ;  
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,  
And drench in tears the face of joy.

But, oh! fell tyrant, yet expect the hour  
When Virtue shall renounce thy power ;  
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,  
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.  
Alas, the day! where'er I turn my eyes,  
Some sad memento of my loss appears ;  
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,  
Resolved to dry my unavailing tears :

But ah! in vain—no change of time or place  
The memory can efface  
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,  
Now lost ; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

Where were the delegates of heaven, oh, where!

Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep?  
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,

She had not died, nor had I lived to weep :  
Moved by my tears, and by her patience moved,

To see her force the endearing smile  
My sorrows to beguile,  
When Torture's keenest rage she proved ;  
Surely they had warded that untimely dart,  
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's  
heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,  
When, feeling Death's resistless power,  
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,  
And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears!  
" Ah, my loved lord, the transient scene is o'er,  
And we must part, alas! to meet no more!  
But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,  
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear,  
If, from thy loved embrace my heart to gain,  
Proud friends have frown'd, and fortune smiled in vain;

If it has been my sole endeavour still  
To act in all obsequious to thy will ;  
To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,  
Then only truly blest when thou wert so ;  
If I have doted with that fond excess,  
Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less ;  
If this I've done and more—oh ! then be kind  
To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.  
When time my once loved memory shall efface,  
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,  
With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,  
And hate it for the love thou borest to me !  
My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears ;  
But one word more—I cannot bear thy tears—  
Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow  
(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)  
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove  
This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,  
Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,  
And oh ! be tender for its mother's sake.  
Wilt thou?—  
I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent ;  
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content."

I who with more than manly strength have bore  
The various ills imposed by cruel Fate,  
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more ;  
But sink beneath the weight :  
Just Heaven ! I cried, from Memory's earliest day  
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known ;  
Misfortune still, with unrelenting sway,  
Has claim'd me for her own.  
But oh ! in pity to my grief, restore  
This only source of bliss ; I ask—I ask no more—  
Vain hope—the irrevocable doom is past,  
Even now she looks, she sighs her last—  
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,  
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant closed her lovely eyes,  
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow !  
With impious wish to tear her from the skies,  
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe !  
But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead ?

Fond man, forbear ;

Thy fruitless sorrow spare ;

Dare not to tax what Heaven's high will decreed ;  
In humble reverence kiss the afflictive rod,  
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,  
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach ;  
To wean thy heart from groveling views below,  
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach :  
To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,  
Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,  
One fatal moment can destroy,

And plunge the exulting maniac in despair.  
Then oh ! with pious fortitude sustain  
Thy present loss—haply thy future gain ;

Nor let thy Emma die in vain :

Time shall administer its wonted balm,  
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasant calm.

Thus the poor bird by some disastrous fate  
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,  
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,  
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage :  
But finding all its efforts weak and vain,  
No more it pants and rages for the plain :  
Moping awhile, in sullen mood,

Droops the sweet mourner—but ere long  
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,

And meditates the song :

Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,  
And with its plaintive warbling saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven!—yet, yet the tears will flow,  
 To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!  
 My budding joys, just promising to blow,  
 All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!  
 My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,  
 Move heavily along!  
 Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?  
 Time creeps, unconscious of delight:  
 How shall I cheat the tedious day;  
 And oh!—the joyless night!  
 Where shall I rest my weary head?  
 How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come, Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,  
 To my torn heart its former peace restore;  
 Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethæan shade,  
 Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:  
 Haply, when lock'd in sleep's embrace,  
 Again I shall behold my Emma's face:  
 Again with transport hear  
 Her voice oft whispering in my ear;  
 May steal once more a balmy kiss,  
 And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But ah! the unwelcome morn's obtruding light  
 Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,  
 Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,  
 And wake me to the sense of all my woes:  
 If to the verdant fields I stray,  
 Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?  
 Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,  
 And darkens all the scene with woe.  
 By nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,  
 Sorrowing I rove,  
 Through valley, grot, and grove;  
 Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;  
 No herb, no plant can medicine my disease,  
 And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,  
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,  
With lenient hand support my drooping head,  
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?  
Should worldly business call away,  
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,  
Count every minute of the loitering day,  
Impatient for my quick return?  
Should aught my bosom discompose,  
Who now, with sweet complacent air,  
Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,  
And soften all my woes?  
Too faithful Memory—cease, oh! cease—  
How shall I e'er regain my peace?  
(Oh, to forget her!)—but how vain each art,  
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart!

And thou, my little cherub, left behind  
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,  
When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,  
And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,  
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,  
When, twining round my knees, I trace  
Thy mother's smile upon thy face!  
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore  
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!  
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,  
More beggar by the riches once possess'd,  
My little darling!—dearer to me grown  
By all the tears thou'st caused—oh! strange to hear!  
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,  
Thy cradle purchased with thy mother's bier:  
Who now shall seek with fond delight  
Thy infant steps to guide aright!  
She, who with doting eyes would gaze  
On all thy little artless ways,  
By all thy soft endearments bless'd,  
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,

Alas ! is gone—yet shalt thou prove  
 A father's dearest, tenderest love ;  
 And, O sweet senseless smiler, (envied state !)  
 As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,  
 When years thy judgment shall mature,  
 And Reason show those ills it cannot cure,  
 Wilt thou, a father's grief to' assuage,  
 For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth  
 (Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth),  
 And be the comfort of my age ?

When sick and languishing I lie,  
 Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply ?

And oft, as to thy listening ear,  
 Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,  
 Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,  
 Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell ?  
 Then fondly stealing to thy father's side,

Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,  
 Which I would vainly seek to hide,

Say, wilt thou strive to make it less ?  
 To soothe my sorrows all thy cares employ,  
 And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy ?

SHAW.

### MAY-EVE; OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam  
 Steals softly through the night,  
 To wanton with the winding stream,  
 And kiss reflected light.  
 To beds of state go, balmy sleep,  
 ('Tis where you've seldom been),  
 May's vigil whilst the shepherds keep  
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,  
 In rosy chaplets gay,  
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,  
 And give the promised May.



Methinks I hear the maids declare,  
The promised May, when seen,  
Not half so fragrant, half so fair  
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,  
We'll rouse the nodding grove ;  
The nested birds shall raise their throats,  
And hail the maid I love :  
And see—the matin lark mistakes,  
He quits the tufted green ;  
Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,  
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,  
Where midnight fairies rove,  
Like them the jocund dance we lead,  
Or tune the reed to love.  
For see the rosy May draws nigh :  
She claims a virgin queen ;  
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,  
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen. CUNNINGHAM.

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### WINTER.

THOUGH now no more the musing ear  
Delights to listen to the breeze  
That lingers o'er the greenwood shade,  
I love thee, Winter, well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,  
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,  
Pleasant the autumnal winds shall shake  
The many colour'd grove.

And pleasant to the sober soul  
The silence of the wintry scene,  
When Nature shrouds her in her trance  
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam,  
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;  
Not undelightful now to pace  
The forest's ample rounds;

And see the spangled branches shine,  
And mark the moss of many a hue  
That varies the old tree's brown bark,  
Or o'er the gray stone spreads.

The cluster'd berries claim the eye  
O'er the bright holly's gay green leaves:  
The ivy round the leafless oak  
Clasps its full foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,  
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,  
And by Religion's aid upheld  
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,  
Whose waters, hid from summer's sun,  
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear  
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare;  
The long grass bends in spearlike form,  
And lovely is the silvery scene  
When faint the sunbeams smile.

Reflection too may love the hour  
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,  
No more expands the bursting bud,  
Or bids the floweret bloom.

For Nature soon, in Spring's best charms,  
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,  
Again expand the bursting bud,

And bid the floweret bloom! SOUTHEY.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

COME, melancholy Moralizer—come !  
 Gather with me the dark and wintry wreath ;  
     With me engarland now  
     The Sepulchre of Time !

Come, Moralizer, to the funeral song !  
 I pour the dirge of the departed days ;  
     For well the funeral song  
     Befits this solemn hour.

But hark ! even now the merry bells ring round  
 With clamorous joy to welcome in this day,  
     This consecrated day,  
     To mirth and indolence.

Mortal ! whilst Fortune with benignant hand  
 Fills to the brim thy cup of happiness,  
     Whilst her unclouded sun  
     Illumes thy summer day,

Canst thou rejoice—rejoice that time flies fast ;  
 That night shall shadow soon thy summer sun ?  
     That swift the stream of years  
     Rolls to eternity ?

If thou hast wealth to gratify each wish,  
 If power be thine, remember what thou art—  
     Remember thou art man,  
     And death thine heritage !

Hast thou known love ? does beauty's better sun  
 Cheer thy fond heart with no capricious smile,  
     Her eye all eloquence,  
     Her voice all harmony ?

Oh state of happiness ! hark, how the gale  
 Moans deep and hollow o'er the leafless grove !  
     Winter is dark and cold—  
     Where now the charms of spring ?

Sayst thou that fancy paints the future scene  
In hues too sombrous? that the dark-steoled maid,  
With stern and frowning front,  
Appals the shuddering soul?

And wouldst thou bid me court her fairy form,  
When, as she sports her in some happier mood,  
Her many colour'd robes  
Dance varying to the sun?

Ah, vainly does the pilgrim, whose long road  
Leads o'er the barren mountain's storm-vex'd height,  
With anxious gaze survey  
The fruitful far-off vale.

Oh! there are those who love the pensive song,  
To whom all sounds of mirth are dissonant!  
There are who at this hour  
Will love to contemplate.

For hopeless sorrow hails the lapse of time,  
Rejoicing, when the fading orb of day  
Is sunk again in night,  
That one day more is gone;

And he who bears Affliction's heavy load  
With patient piety, well pleased he knows  
The world a pilgrimage,  
The grave the inn of rest.

SOUTHEY.

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### COLIN AND LUCY.

OF Leinster, famed for maidens fair,  
Bright Lucy was the grace;  
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
Reflect a fairer face.

Till luckless love and pining care  
Impair'd her rosy hue,  
Her coral lips, her damask cheeks,  
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen the lily pale  
When beating rains descend?  
So droop'd this slow consuming maid,  
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains  
Take heed, ye easy fair;  
Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
Ye perjured swains, beware!

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
A bell was heard to ring;  
And at her window, shrieking thrice,  
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the lovelorn maiden knew  
The solemn-boding sound,  
And thus in dying words bespoke  
The maidens weeping round.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says I must not stay;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart, and broken vows,  
In early youth I die;  
Am I to blame because the bride  
Is twice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin, give not her thy vows,  
Vows due to me alone!  
Nor thou, rash girl, receive his kiss,  
And think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church, to wed,  
Impatient both prepare:  
But know, fond maid, and know false man,  
That Lucy will be there.

"Then bear my corse, ye comrades dear,  
The bridegroom blithe to meet;  
He in his wedding trim so gay,  
I in my winding sheet."

She spoke, she died ; her corse was borne,  
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;  
He in his wedding trim so gay,  
' She in her winding sheet.

Oh ! what were Colin's dreadful thoughts ?  
How were those nuptials kept ?  
The bridemen flock'd round Lucy dead,  
And all the village wept.

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,  
At once his bosom swell :  
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,  
He groan'd, he shook, he fell.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,  
The varying crimson fled ;  
When, stretch'd beside her rival's corse,  
She saw her husband dead.

He to his Lucy's new made grave  
Conyey'd by trembling swains,  
In the same mould, beneath one sod,  
For ever now remains.

Oft at this place the constant hind  
And plighted maid are seen ;  
With garlands gay, and truelove knots,  
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,  
This hallow'd spot forbear ;  
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
And fear to meet him there.

TICKELL.

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### EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

" TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,  
And guide my lonely way,  
To where yon taper cheers the vale  
With hospitable ray.

" For here, forlorn and lost, I tread  
With fainting steps and slow ;  
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,  
Seem lengthening as I go."

" Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,  
To tempt the dangerous gloom ;  
For yonder faithless phantom flies  
To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houseless child of want  
My door is open still ;  
And, though my portion is but scant,  
I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share  
Whate'er my cell bestows ;  
My rushy couch, and frugal fare,  
My blessing and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free  
To slaughter I condemn ;  
Taught by that power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's grassy side,  
A guiltless feast I bring ;  
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,  
And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;  
All earthborn cares are wrong ;  
Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,  
His gentle accents fell ;  
The modest stranger lowly bends,  
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure  
The lonely mansion lay,  
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,  
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
Required a master's care ;  
The wicket, opening with a latch,  
Received the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire  
To take their evening rest,  
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
And cheer'd his pensive guest,

And spread his vegetable store,  
And gaily press'd and smiled,  
And, skill'd in legendary lore,  
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,  
Its tricks the kitten tries ;  
The cricket chirrup in the hearth ;  
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart  
To soothe the stranger's woe ;  
For grief was heavy at his heart,  
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,  
With answering care oppress'd ;  
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,  
" The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitations spurn'd,  
Reluctant dost thou rove ;  
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
Or unregarded love ?

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings  
Are trifling, and decay ;  
And those who prize the paltry things,  
More trifling still than they.

" And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep ;  
A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
But leaves the wretch to weep ?



" And love is still an emptier sound,  
The modern fair one's jest,  
On earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest.

" For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,  
And spurn the sex," he said ;  
But, while he spoke, a rising blush  
His lovelorn guest betray'd.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise  
Swift mantling to the view,  
Like colours o'er the morning skies,  
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
Alternate spread alarms,  
The lovely stranger stands confess'd,  
A maid in all her charms.

" And ah, forgive a stranger rude,  
A wretch forlorn," she cried,  
" Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude  
Where heaven and you reside.

" But let a maid thy pity share,  
Whom love has taught to stray ;  
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair  
Companion of her way.

" My father lived beside the Tyne,  
A wealthy lord was he ;  
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,  
He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms,  
Unnumber'd suitors came ;  
Who praised me for imputed charms,  
And felt or feign'd a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd  
With richest proffers strove :  
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,  
But never talk'd of love.

" In humble simplest habit clad,  
No wealth nor power had he ;  
Wisdom and worth were all he had,  
But these were all to me.

" The blossom opening to the day,  
The dews of heaven refined,  
Could nought of purity display,  
To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the blossom on the tree,  
With charms inconstant shine ;  
Their charms were his, but woe to me  
Their constancy was mine.

" For still I tried each fickle art,  
Importunate and vain :  
And while his passion touch'd my heart,  
I triumph'd in his pain.

" Till, quite dejected with my scorn,  
He left me to my pride ;  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he died.

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay ;  
I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.

" And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,  
I'll lay me down and die ;  
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I."

" Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,  
And clasp'd her to his breast ;  
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,  
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,  
My charmer, turn to see  
Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,  
Restored to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
And every care resign ;  
And shall we never, never part,  
My life,—my all that's mine ?

" No, never from this hour to part,  
We'll live and love so true ;  
The sigh that rends thy constant heart  
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

GOLDSMITH.

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### FALSE GREATNESS.

MYLO, forbear to call him bless'd  
That only boasts a large estate,  
Should all the treasures of the west  
Meet and conspire to make him great.  
I know thy better thoughts, I know  
Thy reason can't descend so low.  
Let a broad stream with golden sands  
Through all his meadows roll,  
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,  
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,  
And, proudly poisoning what he weighs,  
In his own scale he fondly lays  
Huge heaps of shining ore.  
He spreads the balance wide to hold  
His manors and his farms,  
And cheats the beams with loads of gold  
He hugs between his arms.  
So might the ploughboy climb the tree,  
When Cræsus mounts the throne,  
And both stand up, and smile to see  
How long their shadow's grown.  
Alas ! how vain their fancies be,  
To think that shape their own.

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,  
Croesus himself can never know ;  
His true dimensions and his weight  
Are far inferior to their show.  
Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measured by my soul ;  
The mind's the standard of the man.

WATTS.

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### THE HIGHLAND DROVER.

Now fare thee well, England ; no further I'll roam ;  
But follow my shadow that points the way home :  
Your gay southern shores shall not tempt me to stay ;  
For my Maggy's at home, and my children at play.  
'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on my brow,  
Gives my sinews their strength and my bosom its glow.

Farewell, mountaineers ! my companions, adieu ;  
Soon, many long miles when I'm sever'd from you,  
I shall miss your white horns on the brink of the burn,  
And o'er the rough heaths where you'll never return ;  
But in brave English pastures you cannot complain,  
While your drover speeds back to his Maggy again.

O Tweed ! gentle Tweed, as I pass your green vales,  
More than life, more than love, my tired spirit inhales ;  
There Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,  
With her barefooted lasses and mountains so blue ;  
To the mountains away ; my heart bounds like the hind,  
For home is so sweet, and my Maggy so kind.

As day after day I still follow my course,  
And in fancy trace back every stream to its source,  
Hope cheers me up hills, where the road lies before,  
O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of wild moor,  
The keen polar star nightly rising to view ;  
But Maggy's my star, just as steady and true.



O ghosts of my fathers ! O heroes, look down !  
Fix my wandering thoughts on your deeds of renown ;  
For the glory of Scotland reigns warm in my breast,  
And fortitude grows both from toil and from rest ;  
May your deeds and your worth be for ever in view,  
And may Maggy bear sons not unworthy of you.

Love, why do you urge me, so weary and poor ?  
I cannot step faster, I cannot do more ;  
I've pass'd silver Tweed : e'en the Tay flows behind ;  
Yet fatigue I'll disdain :—my reward I shall find ;  
Thou sweet smile of innocence, thou art my prize ;  
And the joy that will sparkle in Maggy's blue eyes.

She'll watch to the southward :—perhaps she will sigh,  
That the way is so long, and the mountains so high ;  
Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk she may see,  
And will say, in her fondness, " that surely is he ?"  
Good wife, you're deceived ; I'm still far from home ;  
Go sleep, my dear Maggy,—to-morrow I'll come.

BLOOMFIELD.

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### NANCY.

You ask me, dear Nancy, what makes me presume  
That you cherish a secret affection for me ?  
When we see the flowers bud don't we look for the  
bloom ?

Then, sweetest, attend, while I answer to thee.

When we young men with pastimes the twilight beguile,  
I watch your plump cheek till it dimples with joy :  
And observe, that whatever occasions the smile,  
You give me a glance ; but provokingly coy.

Last month, when wild strawberries, pluck'd in the  
grove,

Like beads on the tall seeded grass you had strung ;  
You gave me the choicest ; I hoped 'twas for love ;  
And I told you my hopes while the nightingale sung.

Remember the viper :—'twas close at your feet ;  
How you started, and threw yourself into my arms !  
Not a strawberry there was so ripe or so sweet  
As the lips which I kiss'd to subdue your alarms.  
As I pull'd down the clusters of nuts for my fair,  
What a blow I received from a strong bending-bough ;  
Though Lucy and other gay lasses were there,  
Not one of them show'd such compassion as you.  
And was it compassion ?—by Heaven, 'twas more !  
A telltale betrays you ; that blush on your cheek,  
Then, come, dearest maid, all your trifling give o'er,  
And whisper what candour will teach you to speak.  
Can you stain my fair honour with one broken vow ?  
Can you say that I've ever occasion'd a pain ?  
On truth's honest base let your tenderness grow ;  
I swear to be faithful again and again.

BLOOMFIELD.

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### ROSY HANNAH.

A SPRING o'erhung with many a flower,  
The gray sand dancing in its bed,  
Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bower,  
Sent forth its waters near my head :  
A rosy lass approach'd my view ;  
I caught her blue eye's modest beam :  
The stranger nodded, " How d'ye do ?"  
And leaped across the infant stream.  
The water heedless pass'd away :  
With me her glowing image staid :  
I strove, from that auspicious day,  
To meet and bless the lovely maid.  
I met her where beneath our feet  
Through downy moss the wild thyme grew ;  
Nor moss elastic, flowers though sweet,  
Match'd Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

H

I met her where the dark woods wave,  
 And shaded verdure skirts the plain;  
 And when the pale moon rising gave  
 New glories to her cloudy train.  
 From her sweet cot upon the moor,  
 Our plighted vows to heaven are flown;  
 Truth made me welcome at her door,  
 And rosy Hannah is my own.

BLOOMFIELD.

## TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH,  
 IN APRIL, 1786,

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
 For I maun crush among the stoure  
                                   Thy slender stem:  
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
                                   Thou bonny gem,

Alas! it's no thy neehor sweet,  
 The bonny lark, companion meet!  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!  
                                   Wi' spreckl'd breast,  
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
                                   The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
 Upon thy early, humble birth;  
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
                                   Amid the storm,  
 Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth  
                                   Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'ra our gardens yield,  
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;

But thou, beneath the random bield  
                                   O' clod or stane,  
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
                                   Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,  
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
                                   In humble guise ;  
 But now the share uptears thy bed.  
                                   And low thou lies.

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade ;  
 By love's simplicity betray'd,  
                                   And guileless trust.  
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
                                   Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !  
 Unskilful he to note the card  
                                   Of prudent lore,  
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
                                   And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,  
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,  
 By human pride or cunning driv'n,  
                                   To misery's brink,  
 Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but heav'n,  
                                   He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,  
 That fate is thine—no distant date ;  
 Stern ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,  
                                   Full on thy bloom,  
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
                                   Shall be thy doom.

BURNS.

911759



## THE ELBOW CHAIR.

LOLLING at ease, and void of care,  
 Whom rather should I raise to fame  
 Than you, my much loved elbow chair,  
 Who thus support my languid frame?

Who oft the Muse's sons befriend,  
 Lull'd in your soft inspiring lap;  
 Whether poetic dreams you send,  
 Or the' afternoon's indulgent nap.

When Horace took that airy dance  
 Transform'd by Fancy's powerful charms;  
 Waked from his dear Pindario trance,  
 He felt, I ween, thy circling arms.

Beyond Creation's utmost bound  
 Whilst Milton's genius took its flight;  
 The bard in his arm chair was found,  
 Contented—even with loss of sight.

When thus enthroned in state he's seen,  
 How awful looks the rural mayor!  
 When, bless'd by thee, even little men  
 Assume a grand important air.

The place of honour, which mankind  
 To gain so ardently aspire,  
 To elbow chairs the gods assign'd,  
 And wisely placed them near the fire.

O! more than mortals happy he,  
 Who at the tavern's nightly feast  
 Prevents his lingering company,  
 And first obtains this seat of rest.

When now a general gape goes round,  
 And vapours cloud each sleepy head,  
 Fresh for the other flask he's found,  
 Nor wishes for his downy bed.

When York and Lancaster long fought,  
 And England bled in civil war;  
 What was their glorious aim? No doubt  
 'Twas that bewitching \* elbow chair.

The roving youth, now foe to rest,  
 Whose limbs a fatal vigour warms,  
 Shall languish soon, and fly more bless'd  
 To yours than Celia's spreading arms.

Though blooming Chloe yet despise  
 And haughty shun thy kind support,  
 By years made humble and more wise,  
 She, in her turn, thy aid shall court.

Whether in simple check so neat,  
 Or velvet clad, or leather red,  
 Thou roaming victor's late retreat!  
 Where even Ambition rests her head.

Still let me love my elbow chair,  
 By age more fond, more constant grown;  
 Within thy arms forget each care,  
 Nor envy George the British throne.

GRAVES.

### FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

WHEN Friendship, Love, and Truth, abound  
 Among a band of brothers,  
 The cup of joy goes gaily round,  
 Each shares the bliss of others:  
 Sweet roses grace the thorny way,  
 Along this vale of sorrow;  
 The flowers that shed their leaves to-day  
 Shall bloom again to-morrow:  
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
 Are sacred Friendship, Love, and Truth!

\* Coronation chair brought from Soone, in Scotland.

On halcyon wings our moments pass,  
 Life's cruel cares beguiling;  
 Old Time lays down his sithe and glass,  
 In gay good humour smiling:  
 With ermine beard and forelock gray,  
 His reverend front adorning,  
 He looks like Winter turn'd to May,  
 Night soften'd into morning!  
 How grand in age, how fair in youth  
 Are sacred Friendship, Love, and Truth!  
 From these delightful fountains flow  
 Ambrosial rills of pleasure;  
 Can man desire, can Heaven bestow  
 A more resplendent treasure?  
 Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,  
 We'll form a constellation,  
 Where every star, with modest light,  
 Shall gild his proper station.  
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
 Are sacred Friendship, Love, and Truth!

MONTGOMERY.

## PERFECT BEAUTY.

A SHAPE alone let others prize,  
 And features of the fair;  
 I look for spirit in her eyes,  
 And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm  
 Shall ne'er my wishes win;  
 Give me an animated form,  
 That speaks a mind within.

A soul where awful honour shines,  
 Where sense and sweetness move,  
 And angel innocence refines  
 The tenderness of love.

With power to heighten every joy,  
The fiercest rage control,  
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,  
And raptures through the soul.

These are the power of beauty's charms,  
Without whose vital aid

Unfinish'd all her beauty seems,  
And all her roses dead.

But how divinely shines the form  
Where all these charms appear!

Then go, behold my Anna's face,  
And read them perfect there.

ANON.

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
In folly's maze advance;

Though singularity and pride  
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,  
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire  
To our own family and fire,

Where love our hours employs;  
No busy neighbour enters here,  
No intermeddling stranger near,  
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies;

And they are fools who roam:  
The world has nothing to bestow,  
From our own selves our joys must flow,  
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,  
When with impatient wing she left

That safe retreat the ark ;  
Giving her vain excursion o'er,  
The disappointed bird once more  
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
We, who improve his golden hours,  
By sweet experience know  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring :  
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring  
Whence pleasures ever rise :  
We'll form their minds, with studious care,  
To all that's manly, good, and fair,  
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,  
They'll joy our youth, support our age,  
And crown our hoary hairs :  
They'll grow in virtue every day,  
And thus our fondest loves repay,  
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys ! they're all our own,  
While to the world we live unknown,  
Or by the world forgot :  
Monarchs ! we envy not your state,  
We look with pity on the great,  
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large indeed,  
But then, how little do we need ?  
For Nature's calls are few :  
In this the art of living lies,  
To want no more than may suffice,  
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content  
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,  
Nor aim beyond our power;  
For if our stock be very small,  
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,  
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,  
Patient when favours are denied,  
And pleased with favours given,  
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,  
This is that incense of the heart  
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long protracted treat  
(Since winter life is seldom sweet);  
But when our feast is o'er,  
Grateful from table we'll arise,  
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes  
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go,  
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,  
With cautious steps, we'll tread;  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead:

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath;  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel whisper peace,  
And smooth the bed of death.

COTTON.

## THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;  
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd;  
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
 Seats of my youth when every sport could please,  
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!  
 How often have I paused on every charm,  
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,  
 The never failing brook, the busy mill,  
 The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,  
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
 How often have I bless'd the coming day,  
 When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play;  
 And all the village train, from labour free,  
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;  
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
 The young contending as the old survey'd;  
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.  
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;  
 The dancing pair who simply sought renown,  
 By holding out, to tire each other down;  
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutt'd face,  
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;  
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—  
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
 With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please;  
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,  
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village ! loveliest of the lawn !  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn.  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all the green :  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way :  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.  
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;  
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :  
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade ;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;  
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life required, but gave no more :  
His best companions, innocence and health ;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd : trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;  
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth and cumberous pomp repose ;  
And every want to luxury allied,  
And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,  
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;



These, far departing, seek a kindred shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds ;  
And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew ;  
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs, and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting my repose :  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;  
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,  
Retreat from care that never must be mine ;  
How bless'd is he who crowns, in shades like these,  
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;  
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !  
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;  
No surly porter stands in guilty state  
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;  
But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;  
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,  
While resignation gently slopes the way ;

And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound when oft, at evening's close,  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;  
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school;  
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.  
But now the sounds of population fail—  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale—  
No busy steps the grassgrown footway tread,  
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:  
All but yon widow'd solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;  
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;  
She only left, of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild—  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose:  
A man he was, to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place:  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise—

His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;  
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away—  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all—  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul :  
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile ;  
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd ;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven—  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on his head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school ;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;  
Well had the boding trembler learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;  
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;  
The village all declared how much he knew—  
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran that he could gauge ;  
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,  
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;  
While words of learned length and thundering sound,  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.  
But past is all his fame : the very spot,  
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot,  
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,  
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired ;  
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round,

Imagination fondly stoops, to trace  
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;  
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnish'd o'clock that click'd behind the door ;  
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day :  
The pictures placed for ornament and use ;  
The twelve good rules ; the royal game of goose ;  
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay.  
While broken teacups, wisely kept for shew,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendour ! could not all  
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?  
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart :  
Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;  
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
No more the woodman's ballads shall prevail ;  
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;  
The host himself no longer shall be found,  
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;  
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,  
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
These simple blessings of the lowly train :  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art :  
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born away ;  
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined :  
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,  
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The teiling pleasure sickens into pain ;

And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey  
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand  
Between a splendid and a happy land.  
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,  
And shouting folly hails them from the shore;  
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,  
And rich men flock from all the world around.  
Yet count our gains; this wealth is but a name  
That leaves our useful product still the same.  
Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride  
Takes up a space that many poor supplied:  
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:  
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth  
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;  
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;  
Around the world each needful product flies,  
For all the luxuries the world supplies.  
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,  
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,  
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,  
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:  
But when those charms are past (for charms are frail),  
When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
In all the glaring impotence of dress:—  
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,  
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;  
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,  
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise.  
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,  
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;

And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
The country blooms—a garden and a grave!

Where then, ah where shall poverty reside,  
To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,  
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?  
To see profusion that he must not share;  
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined  
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;  
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know  
Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.  
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade:  
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,  
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,  
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;  
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!  
Sure these denote one universal joy!  
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine eyes  
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.  
She, once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;  
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;  
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,  
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;  
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,  
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,  
When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,  
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?

E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! to distant climes, a dreary scene,  
Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.  
Far different there from all that charm'd before,  
The various terrors of that horrid shore;  
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,  
Eut silent bats in drowsy clusters cling:  
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,  
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;  
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake:  
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,  
And savage men more murderous still than they!  
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.  
Far different these from every former scene,  
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,  
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,  
That call'd them from their native walks away;  
When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,  
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,  
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main:  
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!  
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go  
To new found worlds, and wept for others' woe;  
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.  
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
The fond companion of his hapless years,



Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
And left her lover's for her father's arms.  
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;  
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;  
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,  
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, luxury! thou cursed by heaven's decree,  
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!  
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!  
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,  
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.  
At every draught more large and large they grow,  
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;  
Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,  
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done;  
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,  
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness are there,  
And piety with wishes placed above,  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.  
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;  
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame  
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!  
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;

Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,  
 Thou source of every virtue, fare thee well!  
 Farewell! and, oh! where'er thy voice be tried,  
 On Torrio's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,  
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,  
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
 Redress the rigours of the' inclement clime:  
 Aid alighted truth with thy persuasive strain,  
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;  
 Teach him that states, of native strength possess'd,  
 Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;  
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away:  
 While self-dependent power can time defy,  
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

GOLDSMITH.

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### WHAT IS TRUE LOVE?

COME here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,  
 That boasts to love as well as me;  
 And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,  
 Come hither and thy flame approve;  
 I'll teach thee what it is to love,  
 And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bathed in tears;  
 To live upon a smile for years;  
 To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet;  
 To kneel, to languish, and implore;  
 And still, though she disdain, adore:  
 It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes  
 With eager joy and fond surprise;  
 Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear  
 As wretches feel who wait their doom;  
 Nor must one ruder thought presume,  
 Though but in whispers breathed, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, though hope were lost ;  
Though heaven and earth thy passion cross'd ;  
Though she were bright as sainted queens above,  
And thou the least and meanest swain  
That folds his flock upon the plain,  
Yet, if thou darest not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears ;  
To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears :  
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not proved,  
Though she were fonder and more true  
Than any nymph old poets drew,  
Oh, never dream again that thou hast loved.

If, when the darling maid is gone,  
Thou dost not seek to be alone,  
Wrapp'd in a pleasing trance of tender woe ;  
And muse, and fold thy languid arms,  
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,  
Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share  
But those which Love has planted there,  
Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,  
Thou never yet his power hast known ;  
Love sits on a despotic throne,  
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,  
Here all thy tender sorrows bring,  
And prove whose patience longest can endure :  
We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost  
In dreams of fondest passion most ;  
For, if thou thus hast loved, oh ! never hope a cure.

BARBAULD.

## FREEDOM.

WRITTEN AT AN INN.

To thee, fair Freedom! I retire  
 From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;  
 Nor art thou found in mansions higher  
 Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here, with boundless power, I reign;  
 And every health which I begin  
 Converts dull Port to bright Champagne,  
 Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,  
 I fly from falsehood's specious grin!  
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,  
 And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,  
 Which lackeys else might hope to win;  
 It buys what courts have not in store,  
 It buys me freedom at an inn,

Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,  
 Where'er his stages may have been,  
 May sigh to think he still has found  
 The warmest welcome at an inn.

SHENSTONE.

## THE LIFE OF REASON.

AWAY! let nought, to love displeasing,  
 My Winifreda, move thy fear;  
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,  
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What though no grants of royal donors,  
 With pompous titles, grace our blood,  
 We'll shine in more substantial honours,  
 And, to be noble, will be good.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty  
No mighty treasures we possess,  
We'll find within our pittance plenty,  
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season  
Sufficient for our wishes give ;  
For we will live a life of reason,  
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, whilst virtue thus we tender,  
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,  
And all the great ones much shall wonder  
How they admire such little folk.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,  
We'll hand in hand together tread ;  
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,  
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,  
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,  
To see them look their mother's features,  
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue !

And when, with envy, Time, transported,  
Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
You'll in your girls again be courted,  
And I go wooing in my boys.

G. COOPER.

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### MOONLIGHT\*.

GENTLE moon ! a captive calls ;—  
Gentle moon ! awake, arise ;  
Gild the prison's sullen walls ;  
Gild the tears that drown his eyes,

\* From " Prison Amusements," written during the author's confinement in the castle of York, for nine months, in the years 1795 and 1796.

Throw thy veil of clouds aside;  
Let those smiles that light the pole  
Through the liquid ether glide—  
Glide into the mourner's soul.

Cheer his melancholy mind;  
Soothe his sorrows, heal his smart:  
Let thine influence, pure, refined,  
Cool the fever of his heart.

Chase despondency and care,  
Fiends that haunt the guilty breast:  
Conscious virtue braves despair,  
Triumphs most when most oppress'd.

Now I feel thy power benign  
Swell my bosom, thrill my veins;  
As thy beams the brightest shine,  
When the deepest midnight reigns.

Say, fair shepherdess of night!  
Who thy starry flock dost lead  
Unto rills of living light,  
On the blue etherial mead;

At this moment dost thou see,  
From thine elevated sphere,  
One kind friend who thinks of me,—  
Thinks and drops a feeling tear?

On a brilliant beam convey  
This soft whisper to his breast:  
"Wipe that generous drop away,  
He for whom it falls is bless'd:—

"Bless'd with freedom unconfined,  
Dungeons cannot hold the soul:  
Who can chain the immortal mind?  
—None but He who spans the pole."

Fancy too, the nimble fairy,  
With her subtle magic spell,  
In romantic visions airy  
Steals the captive from his cell,

On her moonlight pinions borne,  
 Far he flies from grief and pain ;  
 Never, never to be torn  
 From his friends and home again.

Stay, thou dear delusion ! stay,  
 Beauteous bubble ! do not break,  
 —Ah ! the pageant flits away :  
 —Who from such a dream would wake ?

MONTGOMERY.

## CLAREMONT.

MEM. SAC.

It was the loveliest evening of the year !  
 The bean-field's blossom, and the poet's flower—  
 The rose of Yemen—mingled perfumes rich ;  
 The distant low of cattle on the gale  
 Breathed soft and mellow ; and the song—  
 The latest song of eve—was faintly heard.  
 From forth my chamber opening to the west,  
 I saw, in light subdued, the orb of day,  
 Then verging to repose. I mark'd his slow  
 Descent ! a moment more, and all his rays,  
 In all their splendour, sank beneath the wave !  
 Yet shone the sky with many a glowing tint  
 Of gold and purple, glorious to the eye,  
 In promise fertile of the morrow's dawn.  
 'Twas beautiful ! 'twas soothing to the soul  
 Of contemplation ! long did I gaze and muse,  
 And, all unconscious of the' approach of night,  
 Adored the God of Nature in his works.  
 The moon had risen, and with milder beam  
 Illumed the arch of heaven. Her tender light  
 Diffused a soft and balmy spell around :  
 All nature slept in quietness and peace.  
 How tranquil, how delightful was the view !  
 How bright, yet how serene the firmament !

See how those worlds of light pursue their course  
In trackless radiance through the vast expanse!  
What speaking silence! what mute harmony!  
To sooth, to charm, to elevate the soul!

Night's orison I paid, and sank to rest.  
Sweet were my dreams, for sweet the waking hour,  
And sweet the gentle close of day had been.  
Rose to my view, in Fancy's fairy round,  
Claremont, thy woods and groves, thy hills and vales,  
Thy gay parterres, thy ever verdant lawns!—  
Thy stately mansion, with its rich demesne,  
The seat of royal worth and wedded love—  
Of Britain's pride, and Britain's fondest hope,  
Stood full before my eye. 'Twas Nature's time  
Of mirth, and love, and warm delight—the Spring—  
When health and music float on every gale;  
When all is fresh and joyous to the sense;—  
When circulates the blood in fuller streams;  
When youthful being owns a livelier thrill!—  
Blithe was the note that burst from every spray!  
Blithe the response from each fond warbler there!  
The bounding deer sprang frolic o'er the plain;  
The horse, loud neighing, snuff'd the charter'd breeze.

Joy'd not the lovely mistress of the scene,  
As, with her lord, she sped the morning walk,  
And saw that all was happy in her care?  
Joy'd not that favour'd youth, as on his arm  
His soul's delight in wedded rapture hung?  
O, yes! their full eyes, raised to heaven, declared  
The heart's rich feeling—nature's purest glow!

Honour'd in age, a venerable oak,  
The forest's stately king, rear'd high his head,  
And widely spread his noble branches round.  
A thousand summers might have thrown their beams,  
A thousand winters might have shed their snows  
On his unbending strength: but firm he stood,  
As though unnumber'd ages yet might roll,  
And leave him still rejoicing in his pride!—



Beneath this ancient tree, in sweet repose—  
The heart's loved converse—sat the royal pair,  
And hail'd and bless'd its dear delightful shade!

Swift, as in dreams full oft, the scene was changed:  
Summer's o'erpowering splendour blazed around;  
The sun's fierce influence check'd the song of love;  
And nature flagg'd beneath the heat intense.  
But still, dear Claremont! still thy groves were green;  
And still the princely dwellers happy roved  
Amongst thy cool retreats. Thy lordly oak  
In fuller verdure clothed, of deeper hue,  
The season's painting, darker umbrage cast.

Another change! and, lo! autumnal airs,  
And ripen'd fruits, and harvest's jocund train,  
And golden foliage mark the' advancing year.  
How rich the scenery glows! but ah, it tells  
Of chilling blasts and wintry hours to come!

Claremont, how sweet thy vales at this mild hour;  
How sweet beneath thy time-proud oak to sit,  
When Nature's minstrels trill the evening lay,  
And sooth, with unbought melody, the soul!  
O envied honour'd pair; how swift the hours  
Of bliss, of love, of bland affection, fly!  
A few short years, and every graceful smile—  
Those now so full of life, and bounding health,  
And young ambition;—all shall sink in death—  
Shall moulder in the darkness of the grave!

While moralizing thus a sable cloud  
In night's deep gloom involved the peaceful scene,  
And silenced each gay songster of the grove.  
Peal'd the electric shock upon my ear,  
And all the vision fled!—Sudden I woke,  
And heard the beating rain, and howling wind,  
Assail my roof. The lightning flash'd, and roll'd  
The distant thunder through the concave dark,  
As though the elemental strife would rend  
Earth's fabric to the centre! Where was now  
The promise given—night's golden promise—of

A radiant morn?—So perish oft the hopes  
Of man, and all his fairest prospects fade!

At length the storm pass'd o'er: again I slept;  
Again, O Claremont! I beheld thy groves,  
That, rich in Autumn's foliage, charm'd the sight;  
And there, beneath the honour'd oak, were seen,  
Each loving and beloved, the gentle pair.  
Her head reclining on her Leopold's breast,  
She seem'd with all earth's happiness replete.  
Hope smiled, and tender expectation beam'd,  
From forth her speaking eye. That eye met his,  
And both expressive shone in bliss supreme.

Rapid as thought's transition burst the storm;  
The lurid lightning glared; the thunder roll'd;  
Darkness and desolation roam'd abroad;  
The night bird scream'd; the troubled watch dog  
howl'd;

And nature, shuddering, in convulsion writhed!—  
Shelter'd that ancient oak the princely pair?  
Ah, no! I saw them flee! The lightning's flash  
Dislosed the dire event! Heaven's fiercest bolt  
Had struck the dear beloved one to the earth,  
And all that erst was generous, kind, and good,  
And all that erst was lovely, breathed no more!

O, dread calamity! Unmeasured woe!—  
A father's joy, in all its pride, was crush'd!  
A husband's hopes were wither'd in their bloom!  
A nation's glory blasted by the shock!  
Claremont! thy walls resounded with affright—  
Sank, then, wild horror's cry in dumb despair;  
One shriek of agony, and all was mute!

Another flash!—I saw that honour'd oak:  
The bolt of heaven had 'reft his fairest limb,  
And hurl'd the beauteous ruin o'er the plain.  
His trunk, alone, of all his pride, remain'd;  
Branchless, and bare, and shatter'd to the stem.

How lonely, drear, and desolate, the scene,  
Where, brightly smiling, in her kindest mood,

Nature, but now, a paradise had shown !  
I gazed upon the venerable tree,  
That seem'd, so late, to scorn the lapse of time :  
I thought upon that dear one, cold in death ;  
And, sick at heart, I felt as though the world,  
With all its pomp—with all its joys and smiles—  
Could never charm again !—In anguish, I  
Awoke !

HARRAL.

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### THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THERE are, that love the shades of life,  
And shun the splendid walks of fame ;  
There are, that hold it rueful strife  
To risk Ambition's losing game ;  
That far from Envy's lurid eye  
The fairest fruits of Genius rear,  
Content to see them bloom and die  
In friendship's small but kindly sphere.  
Than vainer flowers though sweeter far,  
The Evening Primrose shuns the day ;  
Blooms only to the western star,  
And loves its solitary ray.  
In Eden's vale an aged hind,  
At the dim twilight's closing hour,  
On his time smoothed staff reclined,  
With wonder view'd the opening flower.  
" Ill fated flower, at eve to blow  
(In pity's simple thought he cries) ;  
Thy bosom must not feel the glow  
Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.  
" Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,  
The hamlet's little train behold ;  
Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,  
When thine the falling shades unfold.

" Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,  
When love has fill'd his heart with cares ;  
For flowers he rifles all the meads,  
For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

" Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom  
On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath :  
Let smiling suns those gems illumine!  
Fair flower, to live unseen is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales  
That o'er the bending meadow blow,  
Or streams that steal through even vales,  
And murmur that they move so slow ;

Deep in her unfrequented bower,  
Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain ;  
The bird of eve approved her flower,  
And answer'd thus the anxious swain :

" Live, unseen !  
By moonlight shades, in valleys green,  
Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.  
Of our pleasures deem not lightly,  
Laughing Day may look more sprightly,  
But I love the modest mien,  
Still I love the modest mien  
Of gentle Evening, and her star-train'd queen.

" Didst thou, shepherd, never find,  
Pleasure is of pensive kind ?  
Has thy cottage never known  
That she loves to live alone ?  
Dost thou not at evening hour  
Feel some soft and secret power,  
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,  
Leave sweet serenity behind ;  
While, all disarm'd, the cares of day  
Steal through the falling gloom away ?

Love to think thy lot was laid  
In this undistinguish'd shade.  
Far from the world's infectious view,  
Thy little virtues safely blew.  
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour,  
Guard thy emblematic flower."

LANGHORNE.

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### MATRIMONY.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song  
To whom thy sweetest joys belong;  
And who the happy pairs,  
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands  
Find blessings twisted with their bands,  
To soften all their cares?

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains  
That, thoughtless, fly into the chains,  
As custom leads the way.  
If there be bliss without design,  
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,  
And be as bless'd as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,  
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,  
To dull embraces move.  
So two rich mountains of Peru  
May rush to wealthy marriage too,  
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe which lust inspires  
With wanton flames; those raging fires  
The purer bliss destroy.  
On Ætna's top let furies wed,  
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,  
To' improve the burning joy.

Not the dull pairs, whose marble forms  
None of the melting passions warms,  
Can mingle hearts and hands.  
Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,  
Are married just like Stoic souls,  
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,  
Still silent, or that still complain,  
Can the dear bondage bless.  
As well may heavenly concerts spring  
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,  
Or none beside the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold  
Two jarring souls of angry mould,  
The rugged and the keen.  
Samson's young foxes might as well  
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,  
With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind  
A gentle to a savage mind :  
For Love abhors the sight.  
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer ;  
For native rage and native fear  
Rise, and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet :  
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,  
And feeds their mutual loves.  
Bright Venus in her rolling throne  
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone ;  
And Cupids yoke the doves.

WATTS.

## THE BANKS OF AYR.

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,  
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,  
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
 I see it driving o'er the plain ;  
 The hunter now has left the moor,  
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,  
 While here I wander, press'd with care,  
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn  
 By early Winter's ravage torn ;  
 Across her placid, azure sky,  
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :  
 Chill runs my blood, to hear it rave,  
 I think upon the stormy wave,  
 Where many a danger I must dare,  
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,  
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore ;  
 Though death in every shape appear,  
 The wretched have no more to fear :  
 But round my heart the ties are bound,  
 That heart transpierced with many a wound ;  
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;  
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,  
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !  
 Farewell, my friends ! Farewell, my foes !  
 My peace with these, my love with those—  
 The bursting tears my heart declare,  
 Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr.

BURNS.

**THE MOUSE'S PETITION:**

**FOUND IN THE TRAP WHERE HE HAD BEEN CONFINED  
ALL NIGHT.**

**OH! hear a pensive captive's prayer,  
For liberty that sighs ;  
And never let thine heart be shut  
Against the prisoner's cries.**

**For here, forlorn and sad, I sit,  
Within the wiry grate ;  
And tremble at the' approaching morn,  
Which brings impending fate.**

**If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,  
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,  
Let not thy strong oppressive force  
A freeborn mouse detain.**

**Oh! do not stain with guiltless blood  
Thy hospitable hearth ;  
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd  
A prize so little worth.**

**The scatter'd gleanings of a feast  
My scanty meals supply ;  
But if thine unrelenting heart  
That slender boon deny,**

**The chearful light, the vital air,  
Are blessings widely given ;  
Let nature's commoners enjoy  
The common gifts of heaven.**



The well taught philosophic mind  
To all compassion gives ;  
Casts round the world an equal eye,  
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient sages taught,  
A never dying flame;  
Still shifts through matter's varying forms,  
In every form the same,

Beware, lest in the worm you crush  
A brother's soul you find ;  
And tremble lest thy luckless hand  
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day  
Be *all* of life we share,  
Let pity plead within thy breast  
That little *all* to spare.

So may thy hospitable board  
With health and peace be crown'd ;  
And every charm of heartfelt ease  
Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when unseen destruction lurks,  
Which men like mice may share,  
May some kind angel clear thy path,  
And break the hidden snare.

BARBAULD.

### THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

Oh, Nancy, wilt thou gang with me,  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
 The lowly cot and russet gown?  
 No longer dress'd in silken sheen,  
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,  
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Oh, Nancy, when thou'rt far away,  
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?  
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,  
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?  
 O can that soft and gentle mien  
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear;  
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nancy, canst thou love so true,  
 Through perils keen with me to go;  
 Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of woe?  
 Say, should disease or pain befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care;  
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou, o'er his lifeless clay,  
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair? PERCY.

# **BRUCE'S, ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.**

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
 See the front o' battle lower;  
 See approach proud Edward's power—  
 Edward! chains, and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
 Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
 By your sons in servile chains!  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
 Forward! let us do, or die!

BURNS.

## THE MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

WELCOME, thou little dimpled stranger,  
O, welcome, to my fond embrace;  
Thou sweet reward of pain and danger,  
Still let me press thy cherub face.

Dear source of many a mingled feeling,  
How did I dread, yet wish thee here!  
Whilst hope and fear, in turns prevailing,  
Served but to render thee more dear.

How glow'd my heart with exultation,  
So late the anxious seat of care,  
When first thy voice of supplication  
Stole sweetly on thy mother's ear!

What words could speak the bright emotion  
That sparkled in thy father's eye,  
When to his fond paternal bosom  
He proudly press'd his darling boy!

O, that thou mayst, sweet babe! inherit  
Each virtue to his heart most dear,  
His manly grace, his matchless merit,  
Is still thy doting mother's prayer.

While on thy downy couch reposing,  
To watch thee is my tender toil;  
I mark thy sweet blue eyes unclosing,  
I fondly hail thy cherub smile.

Smile on, sweet babe, unknown to sorrow,  
Still brightly beam thy heavenly eye;  
And may the dawn of every morrow  
Shed blessings on my darling boy.

ANON.

### HASSAN: OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

IN silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,  
 The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd;  
 One cuse of water on his back he bore,  
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;  
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,  
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.  
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,  
 And not a tree, and not an herb, was nigh:  
 The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,  
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!  
 With desperate sorrow wild, the' affrighted man  
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,  
 The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!  
 Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,  
 When fails this cuse, his unrelenting rage?  
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;  
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?  
 Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear  
 In all my griefs a more than equal share!  
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,  
 Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,  
 In vain ye hope the green delights to know,  
 Which plains more bless'd, or verdant vales, bestow;  
 Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,  
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

Cursed be the gold and silver which perauade  
 Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!  
 The lily Peace outshines the silver store,  
 And Life is dearer than the golden ore;

Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,  
To every distant mart and wealthy town.  
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;  
And are we only yet repaid by thee?  
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made?  
Or why, fond man, so easily betray'd?  
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,  
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?  
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,  
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;  
Why think we these less pleasing to behold  
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!  
O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,  
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe;  
What if the lion in his rage I meet!  
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:  
And, fearful! oft, when Day's declining light  
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,  
By hunger roused, he scours the groaning plain,  
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;  
Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their way!  
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!  
At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,  
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;  
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,  
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.  
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor;  
From lust of wealth, and dread of death, secure!  
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;  
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!  
O hapless youth! for she, thy love hath won,  
The tender Zara! will be most undone.\*

Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,  
When fast she dropp'd her tears, as thus she said :  
' Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not detain ;  
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain !  
Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise  
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !  
Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see ;  
No griefs endure ; nor weep, false youth ! like me.'

O let me safely to the fair return,  
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not, mourn !  
O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,  
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears !"  
He said ; and call'd on Heaven to bless the day,  
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.  
COLLINS.

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### CHARACTER OF WOMAN.

THROUGH many a land and clime a ranger  
With toilsome steps I've held my way,  
A lonely unprotected stranger,  
To all the stranger's ills a prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,  
My fortune still has been to find  
Men's hearts and dispositions various,  
But gentle Woman ever kind.

Alive to every tender feeling,  
To deeds of mercy ever prone ;  
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing  
With soft Compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,  
Stints the free bounty of their heart ;  
They turn not from the sad petition,  
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of Nature,  
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,  
Woman's the same endearing creature,  
In courtly town and savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,  
Her friendly hand refreshment gave ;  
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted,  
What cordial in the simple wave !

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,  
Shed comfort on the fainting soul ;  
Woman's the stranger's general blessing  
From sultry India to the Pole !

BARBAULD.

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### FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar gift of Heaven,  
The noble mind's delight and pride,  
To men and angels only given,  
To all the lower world denied.

While Love, unknown among the bless'd,  
Parent of rage and hot desires,  
The human and the savage breast,  
Inflames alike with equal fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,  
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly ;  
Thy lambent glories only beam  
Around the favourites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys  
On fools and villains ne'er descend ;  
In vain for thee the monarch sighs,  
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.



When Virtues kindred Virtues meet  
And sister souls together join,  
Thy pleasures, permanent as great,  
Are all transporting, all divine.

Oh! shall thy flames then cease to glow,  
When souls to happier climes remove?  
What raised our virtue here below  
Shall aid our happiness above.      JOHNSON.

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## BLINDNESS.

AH! think if June's delicious rays,  
The eye of sorrow can illume,  
Or wild December's beamless days  
Can fling o'er all a transient gloom;  
Ah! think if skies, obscure or bright,  
Can thus depress or cheer the mind,  
Ah! think, midst clouds of utter night,  
What mournful moments wait the blind.

And who shall tell his cause for woe,  
To love the wife he ne'er must see;  
To be a sire, yet not to know  
The silent babe that climbs the knee;  
To have his feelings daily torn,  
With pain the passing meal to find;  
To live distress'd and die forlorn  
Are ills that oft await the blind.

When to the breezy uplands led  
At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,  
He hears the redbreast o'er his head,  
While round him breathes the scented thorn;  
But oh! instead of Nature's face,  
Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combined,  
Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,  
Night's blackest mantle shrouds the blind.

If rosy youth, bereft of sight,  
 Midst countless thousands pines unbless'd,  
 As the gay flower withdrawn from light  
 Bows to the earth where all must rest,—  
 Ah! think when life's declining hours  
 To chilling penury are consign'd,  
 And pain has palsied all his powers,  
 Ah! think what woes await the blind.

RUSHTON.

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### CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

YES, thou art changed since first we met,  
 But think not I shall e'er regret;  
 Though never can my heart forget  
     The charms that once were thine:  
 For, Marian, well the cause I know,  
     That stole the lustre from thine eye,  
 That proved thy beauty's secret foe,  
     And bade thy bloom and spirits fly:  
 What laid thy health, my Marian, low,  
     Was—anxious care of mine.  
 O'er my sick couch I saw thee bend,  
 The duteous wife, the tender friend,  
 And each capricious wish attend  
     With soft incessant care.  
 Then, trust me, love! that pallid face  
     Can boast a sweeter charm for me,  
 A truer, tenderer, dearer grace  
     Than blooming health bestow'd on thee:  
 For there thy well timed love I see,  
     And read my blessings there.

OPIE.

### NAPOLÉON'S DREAM.

SWEET is the English peasant's joy  
 To watch her husband sleeping,  
 And smile upon the blooming boy  
 To his loved bosom creeping ;  
 Her finger on her lip the while  
 Mingling fond caution with her smile—  
 For the dear father wearied came  
 From copse-wood to his gentle dame ;  
 'Twas cold, and wet the dreary day,  
 And long and cheerless was the way—  
     O transitory sorrow !  
 Slumbering beside the faggot's blaze,  
 On his calm mind no vision preys,  
     Care leaves him till the morrow.  
 Yet sometimes o'er his sunburnt face,  
 A pleasant dream will shed its grace,  
     Sometimes a swelling tear ;  
 Full well can she, his happy mate,  
 Link'd to his soul as to his fate,  
 The transient images translate,  
     Nor feel one doubting fear ;  
 The heart, the heart oft prompts the themes,  
 Which sleep and memory mould to dreams ;  
 As radiance that from diamonds gleams,  
     Is darted from above ;  
 That smile the husband's fondness beams,  
     That tear the father's love.

But 'tis no English cottage there,  
     That rears its lofty head ;  
 No English wife with tender care  
     Watches her husband's bed :  
 No English peasant can he be  
 That slumbers there so heavily.

Though scarce the lamp can pierce the gloom,  
 That shrouds a high and stately room,  
 Its light a bending fair one shows ;  
 A man who snatches short repose ; [beam,  
 And while St. Cloud's proud walls scarce catch the  
 Louisa wondering marks Napoleon's dream.

Strong were the features, sallow, wan,  
 And thoughtful, of the sleeping man :  
 In the fine mould of beauty cast,  
 Till passions wild and moody pass'd,  
 And nature's lovely work o'ercast.  
 Yet smiles, the lightning of the storm,  
 Would sometimes gild their darken'd form ;  
 And never had a smile so bright  
 Dwelt on his lips with sunny light,  
 Not when the Austrian maid he woo'd,  
 As now beguiles his dreaming mood.  
 His very hand, high raised in air,  
 Its gladsome influence seems to share.  
 Thinks he of victory's laurel'd bough ?  
 Or of his mighty empire now ?  
 In idolizing Paris crown'd ?  
 On Austerlitz' red field renown'd ?  
 Or, victor at the council board,  
 Deems he his rescued Spain restored ?  
 Oh, no ! not this the' usurper's smile ;  
 Not this the statesman's crafty wile ;  
 Not this the conqueror's blood-earn'd bliss ;  
 No ! 'tis a blameless transport this ;  
 A joy unfelt of many years,  
 Unstain'd by guilt, unspoil'd by fears.

Treading a lone and seabest shore  
 He seems a thoughtful boy once more :  
 A thoughtful boy, in musings rapt,  
 In hope's delightful visions lapt ;

He feels the very breezes blow  
That fann'd his cheek's enraptured glow ;  
He hears the very surges beat  
That wont to lave his careless feet ;  
And every wish and joy again  
Of happy youth inspires his brain.  
The rushing tide of love, of hope,  
Ambition undefined,  
Thoughts that the wealth of worlds would open  
To spread it to mankind ;  
Wishes that would possess to give ;  
Power that might say, Be bless'd and live !  
That would to all be loved impart  
The boundless treasures of his heart ;  
Win but to save some land bedeck'd with flowers,  
And Eden's bliss renew in Eden's blooming bowers.  
Such are the thoughts that wake his smiles,  
Such dream his sleeping sense beguiles,  
And such are young Ambition's wiles.  
The sun that in the burning street  
Pours death in every ray,  
Darting through palms and plantains sweet,  
Gives but a soft and balmy heat  
Where leaf-born breezes play.  
'Tis as the war-flag closely furled  
When reason reigns within ;  
O, 'tis the world, the bitter world  
That makes ambition sin.

Ah, see the brilliant smile is dead !  
The hand is dropp'd, the joy is fled !  
Some thought has indistinctly shown,  
As in a misty glass,  
Where all the cares that wait a throne,  
And youthful hopes and virtues flown,  
In dim confusion pass ;  
With comrades slain, a fearful band,  
Brothers who roam a foreign strand,

A fond forsaken wife,  
 A bleeding world, a suffering land,  
 His sorrows and his life.  
 Well may he sigh ! but that convulsion  
 A deeper anguish caused ;  
 Almost it seem'd in dread revulsion  
 That Nature's functions paused.  
 His brow was wet, his hair upraised,  
 His hands were clench'd, his look was mazed,—  
 The empress trembled as she gazed.  
 At Palm's dread spectre doth he quake ?  
 Comes D'Enghien thus his soul to shake ?  
 No ; to the consciences of kings  
 Flattery her deadly opiate brings ;  
 Though doom'd untried, by impious men,  
 Yet murder shall be justice then.

In all his pomp of power array'd  
 The monarch deems himself betray'd ;  
 Hemm'd in by guards and armed bands,  
 Chain'd in the senate-hall he stands ;  
 All whom he hated, all he loved  
 Were there, and all his fall approved.  
 E'en the betrayer's self stood nigh,  
 With jeering tongue and scornful eye,  
 And thrice he strove to strike him dead,  
 And thrice the grinning traitor fled ;  
 And Frenchmen thrice, with fickle breath,  
 Shouted " Napoleon to the death !"  
 That horror's pass'd : Memory again  
 Binds Fancy in her spell-fraught chain.  
 The vision changed, and changed his look,  
 Though still his form with chillness shook,  
 Though still uprose his coal-black hair,  
 'Twas anguish still—but not despair.

He seem'd through realms of frost to stray  
 Where endless forests barred his way ;

Forests of pines, whose snow mass made  
In noontide clear a midnight shade.  
A sense of solitary care,  
Silence and deathlike cold were there.  
And still he thought at every step  
His jaded steed was forced to leap;  
Something he could not move nor kill,  
Some fell obstruction met him still.  
At length full in the monarch's way  
A Gallic soldier dying lay;  
Napoleon stopp'd and strove to cheer;  
The warrior's death-groan met his ear,  
The warrior's death-glance met his eye,  
That groan, that glance he could not fly!  
A bitter curse they seem'd to shroud.  
He gallop'd on, he shouted loud,—  
But still the groan he cannot fly,  
But still the glance is in his eye.  
“Awake! awake!” and at her touch  
The hero started from his couch:  
Awhile he stood and shook with dread;  
“’Tis but a dream!” at length he said;  
“’Tis but a bubble of the brain!”  
He said—yet fear'd to sleep again.

MISS MITFORD.

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### THE DESOLATION OF WAR.

’Twas dreadful all—the scene around  
The wearied eye could never bound,  
The listening ear scarce heard a sound,  
Save when reechoed back the ground  
The pealing voice of War.  
The morning sun had seen the plain  
Adorn’d with Autumn’s waving grain;  
At evening when he looked again,  
Through sulphurous clouds of crimson stain,  
’Twas ruin, wide and far.

The smiling cots no more appeared,  
Or dimly seen, where darkly reared  
Their mouldering walls, whose falling heard  
By watching swains, told them interr'd  
Was every hope—their home.

The balmy breeze at morning's dawn  
Had wafted sweets from every lawn,  
Till War, at evening, bade it fan  
The burning homes of houseless man,  
On burning wings to roam.

The swain who, scarce, an hour ago,  
Trode o'er his fields nor fear'd a foe,  
Now skulk'd his native woods below,  
And look'd from every bush a blow,  
And waited as for death.

Or, if from his retreat he dared,  
His flaming home before him glared,  
The groans of dying friends he heard,  
Or saw, perhaps, the blade prepared  
To cut a parent's breath.

But now the noise of War was o'er,  
Or scarcely heard its distant roar,  
And flames that swept the vale before  
Were sunk, and pain'd the eye no more,  
Nor groan awak'd the gloom.

'Twas drearest horror's deepest shade,  
In all its darkest forms array'd,  
Where Nature seem'd in ruin laid  
Upon the pile that War had made,  
In silence like the tomb.

IRVING.



### THE BEACON.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye  
 Than if day in its pride had array'd it ;  
 The land breeze blew mild, and the azure-arch'd sky  
 Look'd pure as the Spirit that made it :  
 The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed  
 On the shadowy wave's playful motion,  
 From the dim distant isle till the beacon fire blazed  
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast  
 Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers ;  
 The seabird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,  
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers :  
 One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope  
 (All hush'd was the billow's commotion),  
 And I thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,  
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long pass'd, and the scene is afar ;  
 Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star  
 That blazed on the breast of the billow.  
 In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,  
 And death stills the heart's last emotion ;  
 Oh, then may the seraph of Mercy arise,  
 Like a star on eternity's ocean !

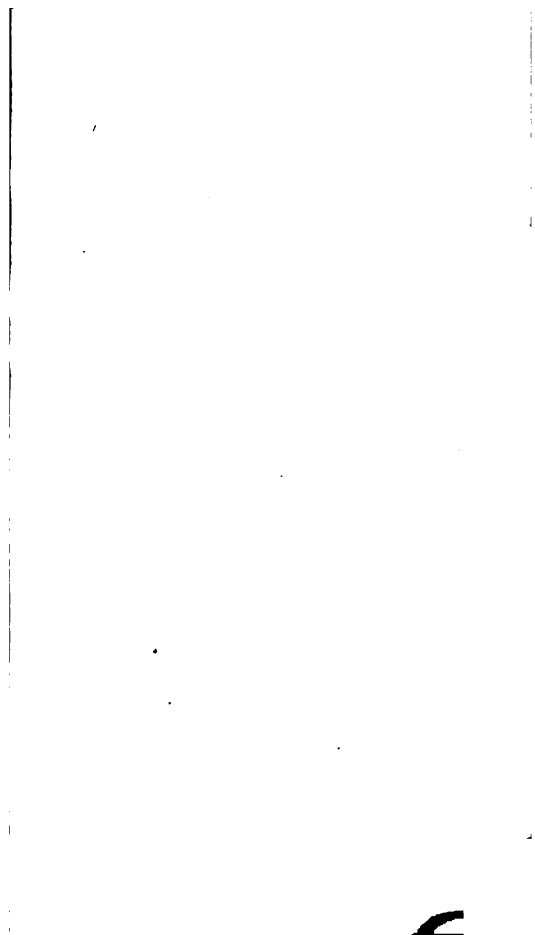
P. M. J.

THE END.

RH

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C. and C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.







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